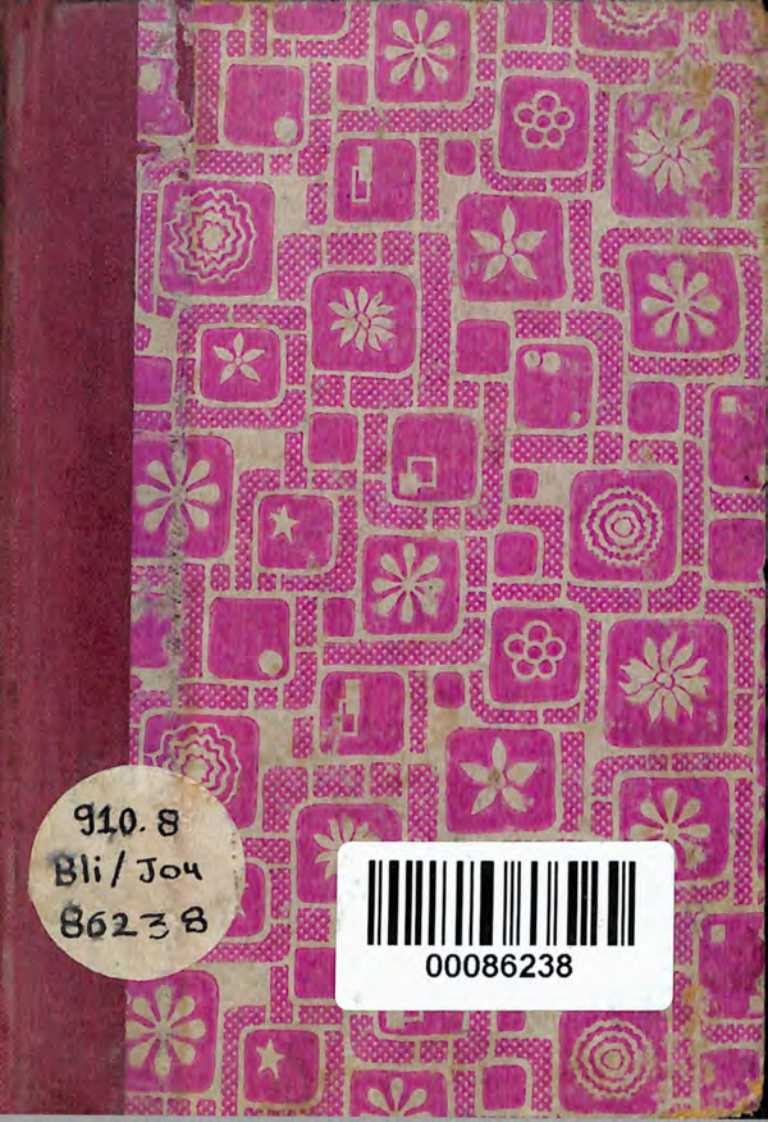
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JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH

THE NETHERLANDS.

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR

THROUGH

THE NETHERLANDS TO PARIS,

IN 1821.

86238

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS," &c. &c. &c.

Lady Bleasington

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

London, August 27th, 1822.

In presenting this Journal to the public, it is perhaps unnecessary to accompany it with any observations on the intentions of the writer, or the circumstances under which it was written: — but as the author has on former occasions been favoured with the approbation of the public, and is unwilling to lose any portion of fame which may have been acquired, it may be advisable to say that the Tourist wrote for amusement, not for publication: that the observ-

ations and reflections on the journey were noted down at the moment, amid the clatter and confusion attending arrival and preparation for dinner, &c. at a French or Flemish inn, and during the short sojourn at Paris, amid the confusion and bustle of an apartment at Meurice's, where, as in the generality of foreign hotels, the saloon is the passage-room to the other apartments.

Of this Journal there has been no subsequent re-writing, nor have there been added any embellishments, or extracts from books already published.

It was the intention of the author to print a few copies only for distribution among friends; but those friends remarked, that publicity was as much given to the work by such means as if it were in the possession of the public; adding, with too partial a feeling,

that the writings of such a person as the author of "Sketches and Fragments," would receive attention, and concluded with saying, "Publish."

This advice has been, perhaps injudiciously, acted on. In the absence of the writer from England, it becomes our duty to say, that the author will feel real pleasure, if any reader derive half the satisfaction in perusing the Journal that was derived from seeing the objects which are here truly described.

The ground has been trod over and written over again and again; and the names of Brussels and Paris are now "familiar to men's mouths:" but different travellers observe different objects; and the reader will find that the book, like the journey, is short,

and though it may afford but little amusement or instruction, it will, at all events, not occupy much of his time.

THE EDITOR.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH

THE NETHERLANDS,

AND

PART OF FRANCE,

IN 1821.

On Monday evening, September 10. we left London, and arrived at Rochester, where we had determined to remain for the night. We found the accommodation very inferior to what we had been led to expect, and the beds as uninviting as any that we anticipated on the other side of the water. The Crown

Inn is certainly any thing but comfortable, and the traveller feels disappointed, as, from its external appearance, he is led to hope for all the *agrémens* of a first-rate inn. On examining our bill, we found that it was not the exterior of the house only, that was imposing, for the charges were as extravagant as the accommodations were bad.

The gardens belonging to the Crown Inn are tastefully laid out, and romantically situated among the ruins of a venerable castle.

Our bad breakfast was enlivened by the good-humoured observations of the party, and after we had concluded it, we proceeded to view the cathedral, which is well worthy of observation. The building is handsome and in good preservation; it contains some very ancient monuments, among which we noticed that of Bishop Gundolf,

dated 1107: he was thirty years bishop. The cathedral was built by Ethelbert; and the first bishop was Justus, in the reign of that monarch. The monument of Bishop Bradfield is much defaced, as that and all the other fine ones suffered much from the infuriated bigotry of the adherents of Cromwell. We also noticed the monuments of Bishops Glanville of 1214, and Merton of 1274; the latter was founder of the college named after him. I must not omit noticing a very ancient monument in fine preservation, of Bishop Inglethorp, who ornamented the cathedral with the most exquisitely wrought door-frame or archway, leading into the chapter-room, the decorations of which consist of figures, chaplets, and leaves, very finely executed. In the library

belonging to the cathedral, we saw many rare and valuable books, some of which are worthy the attention of the Bibliomaniac.

We reached Canterbury to dinner, and made an effort to see its fine cathedral; but as the evening service was then performing, we were only able to walk through the aisles, where I observed the following epitaph inscribed on an ancient tablet,

He that's imprisoned in this narrow roome,
Wer't not for custom needs nor verse nor tomb,
Nor can from these a memorie be lent
To him who must be his tomb's monument,
And by the virtue of his lasting fame,
Must make his tomb live long, not it his name;
For when this gaudy monument is gone,
Children of th' unborn world shall spy this tomb,
That covers him, and to their fellows cry
'Tis here, 'tis here about Barkley doth lie;
To build his tomb then is not thought so safe
Whose virtue must outlive his epitaphe.

We reached Dover on Tuesday evening, and finding that the steam packet in which we had decided on crossing, was engaged for Prince Esterhazy and suite, we determined on waiting until Thursday. The evening was so inviting, that it tempted us to stroll on the beach, and we were rewarded for the fatigue of wading through a mass of shingles and gravel, by seeing the moon in unclouded majesty reflected in silver radiance on the calm bosom of the sea. Not a wave ruffled the glassy surface, while the white cliffs, contrasted with the dark blue horizon, which formed a back-ground, and the venerable castle seen tinged with the moon-beams, and appearing with all the shadowy mellowness so peculiar to moon-light scenery, presented a most interesting picture.

Though I am past the age of romance,

I still feel the same partiality to the moon and moon-light walks, that I indulged in when, at gay sixteen, and with all the romance belonging to that age, I admired its mild lustre; and never does a fine view possess half so many attractions for me, as when silvered by its beams. It is like a transparent veil thrown over a beautiful female; all that is seen is softened into a milder tone, and the parts concealed leave sufficient to the imagination to supply every beauty.

Dover, Wednesday, September 12. — We were awaked this morning by a discharge of cannon fired in honour of Prince Esterhazy. By the bye, does not the custom of firing at the departure of distinguished persons look rather inhospitable, as if it were rejoicing for their absence? We went to view the castle, which is indeed a dreary pile, but well

worthy of observation. It was, as our guide informed us, commenced in the time of the Romans, by Julius Cæsar, and added to by the Saxtons, (as he called them), and completed by the Normans.

The apartments of the governor are wretchedly furnished and uncomfortable as can be well imagined, and those who have occasionally resided in them *through choice* can never be suspected of luxurious habits.

We were much amused by the garrulity of our guide, Mr. Winston, a very fine old man of seventy-seven years of age, who, except being a little deaf, seemed to possess all his faculties. He has lived above forty years in the castle, to which he appeared not a little partial; and after he had given us the history of the castle, hospital, store-houses, and outworks, which tedious narrative

he went through as a child repeats a lesson learned by rote, wishing to vary the monotony of his histories, I asked him if there were any ghosts seen about the castle? I soon found that I had struck on a chord that vibrated; for his passion seemed to be to relate stories of that description; and he gave us innumerable tales of donkies, cats, and dogs, having been at various times mistaken by the soldiers for apparitions, and having caused universal consternation through the castle. He told us that he had always declared his disbelief of ghosts, and had often argued warmly on the subject. On one of the nights in which, when in town, he had engaged in a debate with some soldiers on this point, in returning to the castle, while walking within the out-works, he found himself suddenly falling over something, and

as suddenly raised up and carried along with a considerable degree of velocity. His fright became excessive, and he gave himself up for lost, when happily he was relieved from his terrors by being thrown down with some violence on the grass; he then discovered that he had fallen across a bullock that had been lying down, and which springing up carried him along a few paces. The old man vouched for the truth of this adventure, and appeared to enjoy the recollection of it.

After viewing the castle and the cliffs, immortalized by Shakspeare, Dover has little worthy the attention of the traveller. The town is ill-built, dirty, and irregular, but when seen from the heights has a pleasing appearance. The view of the sea from the cliffs is very fine; and no admirer of Shaks-

peare, (and who is there that does not admire the "Sweet Swan of Avon?") can see the white cliffs of Dover without being forcibly reminded of those passages in "Lear" that identify themselves with this spot.

"There is a cliff, whose high and bending head,
Looks fearfully on the confined deep."

And again:—

"Here's the place, how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anch'ring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight; the murm'ring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down headlong."

Thursday, September 13. — We embarked at Dover in a regular sailing packet, the steam-boat not having returned. We reached Calais at half past one, being exactly three hours in making the voyage. The vessel was crowded beyond all possibility of comfort (if comfort ever could be found in a packet), and we had a very heavy swell, with short unsteady waves, that gave the vessel a most disagreeable motion. The horrors of crossing the Styx may be imagined, but the realities of a crowded packet exceed all the powers of imagination. Never shall I forget the countenances of the groups around me, in which terror and sickness were equally mingled. There are few situations that so forcibly excite and display that alloy of our nature, selfishness, as a voyage attended with sea-sickness. Under this visitation, we

become as it were callous to the sufferings of our dearest friends, and every feeling is swallowed up in self. The consciousness of this is mortifying, and we are displeased at discovering in ourselves this weakness of poor frail human nature. There are, I believe, many individuals, who would make great personal sacrifices to love or friendship; nay, some I am persuaded, who would resign life itself, or at least willingly risk it, to preserve that of a beloved object, who, if suffering under the horrid ordeal of sea-sickness, would for the time forget every tie of affection in self-commiseration. Prior, in his Emma, should have tried her constancy, by exposing her to a voyage in a gale of wind, and assailed by all the dire distresses of sea-sickness, her Henry suffering under the same malady. If she could forget her own misery

and endeavour to administer comfort to him, I should consent to her being styled the very mirror of female love and constancy.

We found that our imperials and chaise-trunks were likely to be detained so long at the custom-house, that we determined on remaining at Calais for the day. Dessein's hotel was a most comfortable exchange from the packet, and our rooms opened into a garden breathing perfumes, — most grateful to the senses, after the noxious air which we had lately been inhaling. Calais offers little worthy the inspection of the traveller, except the walls, and as these command a view of the sea, I was still suffering too much from that element to wish to behold it again, until the recollection of its disasters were less vivid; consequently we did not mount the ramparts.

Friday 14th. — Previously to our leaving Calais, we met in the court-yard at Dessein's hotel, the mourners returning from paying the last sad duty to our late unhappy Queen. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, and several gentlemen. I was presented to Lord Hood, and by him introduced to Lady Hood, who appears to be a most worthy, honest, warm-hearted woman; she related many circumstances connected with the last hours of her unfortunate mistress, of whose perfect innocence she expressed her belief in language that strongly marked the warmth and sincerity by which it was dictated. She declared her conviction that the Queen died of a broken heart, and added, that so great was the mental anguish which she endured, that all who truly loved

her, must rejoice at her being freed from a life of persecution and suffering.

It was most gratifying to witness the warmth and sincerity of Lord and Lady Hood's affection for the Queen. They have been married above forty-seven years, and have a numerous progeny of grand-children as well as children; they appear a most attached and happy couple, and I am sure are very amiable and kind-hearted. I trust that the recollection of their unshaken fidelity to their unfortunate Mistress, will "smooth the pillow of declining age," and give to their last moments that purest of all earthly feelings, the consciousness of having faithfully discharged their duties.

We reached St. Omers at half past three, and found it a large and populous town, with nothing, save the cathedral, worth

noticing. This is a fine building, the aisles divided into several small chapels, screened from the body of the cathedral by fine marble pillars and richly-carved doors. It contains a very beautiful pulpit, and a most splendid organ, decorated with very finely carved figures of Faith and Hope, (but, alas! like too many churches, it has no Charity,) and crowned with angels and cherubim. We observed some curious old monuments, but the declining day warned us to begone, without permitting us to examine them.

The whole air of the cathedral is injured by the tawdry ornaments of the different chapels and altars, and the little tinseled figures of the Virgin and Saints in the niches round the church. It contains several pictures, but none by any esteemed master, and each altar is crowned by a large bust of some

pope or bishop, wretchedly and gaudily bedaubed with paint and gilding. One of the most disagreeable exhibitions I ever saw, was a large group of figures, consisting of our Saviour, supported by two females; the figures were of stone, with the faces painted, and the disproportion of the limbs, and the ghastly deformity of the group, were almost terrific.

The country between Calais and St. Omers is rich and well wooded; the roads are broad and even, with deep ditches cut at each side, and rows of trees planted in straight lines, which I think improves the general appearance, though their regularity seems rather stiff and formal. We observed some churchyards, the graves of which were surmounted with small crosses hung with black and white drapery, and we occasionally saw large

figures of our Saviour on the cross stuck up by the sides of the road, painted in the most glaring colours, with the blood flowing from the side, which is represented by a piece of wood carved and painted to resemble a sanguine spout, while an angel of stupendous dimensions is receiving the blood in a cup. I observed that the passengers generally took off their hats to these images. I suppose it is to avoid breaking that part of the second commandment, that says, "Thou shalt not make to thyself the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," that our neighbours on the Continent make their graven images unlike any thing human or divine.

Cassel, September 15th. — We arrived here last night after a very agreeable day's

journey; on approaching the steep hill on which this town is situated, we were met by two *gens d'armes* that were dispatched to look out for the King of England, who was hourly expected to arrive here. They entered into conversation with our servants while we ascended the hill, and one of them, a very intelligent respectable looking young man, having discovered that our *femme de chambre* was his countrywoman, and a warm admirer of Napoleon's, entered into a long conversation with her, which I overheard, and which afforded me an opportunity of observing that neither absence, nor even death itself, had effaced him from the hearts of some of his adherents. This man spoke of him with rapture, and dwelt on his death with sorrow: he expressed his anxious hope that his mortal remains would be restored to

France, which he said thousands of Frenchmen were praying for; but added, should that favour be denied them, still they could entomb his memory in their hearts, and teach their children to reverence the name of him who had so often led them to glory. He then spoke of the King of France, but with great kindness; said he believed him to be a good man, and that he hoped the remaining years of his life would pass tranquilly; adding, however, that, with all his goodness, he was a poor substitute for the hero whom he had superseded:—it was, he observed, as if Louis the Sixteenth had followed Henry the Fourth. On entering Cassel we parted with the *gens d'armes*, but not until they had paid their parting compliments to our servants, and particularly to their countrywoman, with a grace that

would not have dishonoured a gentleman of the first fashion in England.

We proceeded this morning to the Fort-hill, to behold from its summit the view so celebrated. It extends over a country richly wooded, and diversified by villages, towers, and spires, sometimes seen crowning an eminence, and at other times, according to the point of view, rising between masses of wood: the effect is very fine. The hill of Cassel is said to command a view of thirty-two-fortified towns, and three hundred villages; but I confess, though my vision was assisted by a large telescope, I could not discern half the obscure objects pointed out to me to be towns, so great was the distance. I could distinguish Calais and Ostend, with the sea commingling with the sky, and the white sails of the vessels appearing like birds on

the verge of the horizon. Never did I behold so extensive or so luxuriant a view as from Cassel; and if it has a fault, it is that the eye and mind become fatigued and bewildered with its extent.

Napoleon, in 1808, was some days at Cassel, and remained several hours of each day on the summit of the Fort-hill, examining the different commanding situations and fortified towns, and making notes on them. It is said that it was his intention to build a tower on this hill; but if so, it was never commenced. It would be an admirable situation for his grave, or for a large stone-pillar to his memory. If I were sovereign of France I would erect one, for the two-fold purpose of showing that I could honour splendid talents, though in an enemy, and as a memento to remind all who passed

within view of it, of the instability of human greatness.

The fate of this wonderful and brilliant meteor is surely one of the most striking moral lessons that ever were given to mankind. In him we see that no endowments, however great, or acquirements, however brilliant, are proof against giving way to vain glory and ambition. Had Napoleon, when in 1808 he stood on the hill at Cassel exulting in present and anticipating future successes, been cautioned by some philosopher, as Crœsus, in the zenith of his prosperity, was by Solon, perhaps like him he would have despised the counsel that warned him of the vanity and uncertainty of all sublunary good, and have valued it only when he had experienced its truth; but even then his recollection of it would have availed

him little on this side of the grave; for, alas! among the crowned heads that decided his destiny, there was no Cyrus.

We saw a funeral at Cassel that had a very interesting appearance; it was that of a child borne by six boys of about seven or eight years old, and preceded by a boy of the same age, bearing a white cross and a branch of palm. The body was followed by two girls of the same height as the boys, dressed as chief mourners. The boys wore long black cloaks and white scarfs, and though there was no grown person with the children, the funeral was conducted with the utmost decorum, and with more symptoms of sorrow than most ceremonials of the kind, for the children wept and their sobs were audible. I have always thought that the sooner children are accustomed to

view death the better, as it impresses on their lively and susceptible imaginations the uncertainty of this life, and leads their minds to reflect on another world. Beholding a companion of their own age snatched away in the midst of youthful enjoyments, and attending the awful ceremony of consigning him to his last home, must make a deep impression on their minds, and such impressions are of infinite service in tempering the too great vivacity of youth.

It may be urged that childhood, the season of happiness, ought not to be clouded by having the misfortunes of life brought before it; but children are happily so constituted, that the most painful impressions are soon effaced,

"The tear forgot as soon as shed;"

and seeing some loved relation or playmate lying in the cold arms of death, would, I am persuaded, be only a salutary warning to the youthful mourners, that would tend to strengthen their minds, without clouding too much the gay sunshine of that interesting period.

We visited the church at Cassel, but found little in it to detain us. It was filled with painted, gaily dressed figures of the Virgin and infant Jesus, who were as fine as flowered silk, tinsel, and lace could make them. A custom prevails in France, which, though superstitious, has something very interesting in it. The Virgin is by the Roman Catholics believed to have a power of protecting people at sea or on distant journeys; and the wives of those who are exposed to the dangers of either, offer up to

the Virgin pieces of gold or silver shaped like hearts, with suitable inscriptions, which they hang on the altars dedicated to her, as propitiatory gifts to secure her protection to their husbands. The value of the offering is proportioned to the finances of the offerer; and we saw several very large gold and silver ones, as well as some of a very diminutive size. I reverence the feeling of affection that led the anxious wife to make her offering; and I trust the God of Mercy vouchsafed to accept her prayers, though offered through the mediation of another, and though sullied by gifts that superstition only could offer at the altar.

Amongst the numerous carved images in the church, the most remarkable was a figure of our Saviour after being taken down from the cross; the crown of thorns on the head,

with the blood represented trickling down the face, and a linen drapery thrown over the body; the Virgin standing close by in an agony of grief, with a sword plunged through her heart. This frightful representation is horribly natural in carving and colouring; and having real draperies, the effect is rendered still more disagreeable. Those figures are placed in the lower recess of the altar, and, at the first glance, really alarm the beholder. All such exhibitions must strike the English traveller as being most impious. We are commanded "not to make to ourselves any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven," &c.; "not to bow down to them or worship them;" and with this command given to us, it appears perfectly sacrilegious to see the temples of "the Most High" crowded with

tawdry images. I have heard Catholics say, that those images are placed in churches for the purpose of exciting a livelier interest by the actual representation of the sufferings of our Saviour; but surely it may be argued, that being daily accustomed to behold those representations, the feelings of the beholder become hardened, and the effect is destroyed. I am sure that the imaginations of even the lowest class, can form a much better conception of the Messiah and his sufferings, than can ever be conveyed to them by the representations given in churches.

Close by the entrance of the church, we saw a monument erected over the grave of a female of Cassel. It consisted of an altar placed at the head of the grave, and composed of human skulls and cross-bones, with

suitable inscriptions. The grave stood in the centre of a flower-knot, the borders of which were composed of human bones, and the whole inclosed by an iron-fence. So much for this union of devotion, superstition, and sentiment.

We arrived at Lisle at half-past four o'clock, and walked to view the streets and public buildings. This is a very fine city, the streets long and wide, and the houses large and well built. The shops present a very gay appearance; and there is an air of bustle in the streets, very unusual in the generality of French towns. The public walks are spacious, and remarkably pleasant: they are laid out in straight lines planted with rows of trees, and intersected by a broad and handsome canal of running water, with very fine bridges, richly ornamented, thrown over

it. The walks are of considerable extent, and have a very cheerful appearance. At the termination of one of them, and close by the banks of the canal, stands a row of buildings, laid out as hot and cold baths, that bear every appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

Sunday, September 16, Lisle.—We went to view the cathedral, which as a building has little claim to admiration, except the roof, which is finely arched and ornamented with gilt stars. Besides the principal altar, it contains several others, dedicated to different saints; and in the centre is a large carved and painted crucifixion, surmounted by a wooden arch covered with black, and thickly studded with gold and silver offerings, like those at Cassel, which has a very tawdry effect. We saw several images of saints

dressed very gaily in their best clothes, being Sunday.

A monument is erecting in the cathedral, in honour of the late Duke de Berri, whose entrails are deposited here according to his own desire.

From the cathedral we went to view the pictures in the Musée de Lisle, which contains several very fine ones. It is open to strangers on Sundays and Thursdays; and a person fond of pictures may spend hours there with pleasure and advantage to himself. The picture that most pleased me was "The Descent from the Cross," by Pierre Paul Rubens, the colouring of which is really resplendent. Never did I behold any thing to equal the hair and drapery of the Magdalene; and the effect of the whole picture is dazzling. It is one of those *chef-d'œuvres* of art that may

be said to defy criticism. Our Saviour on the Cross, (by my favourite Vandyke,) with Mary Magdalene embracing his feet, was the next picture that attracted us, and it possesses infinite beauty. The Magdalene is exquisite, but the face of our Saviour looks a little too much diminished by the foreshortening; at least so it appeared to me. "Saint Francis presenting the Host to an old Man" (by Vandyke) is an admirable picture, as is "The Magdalene mourning," (by Rubens). "The Sibyll," by Guido-Reni, is full of spirit, and appeared to great advantage, after the inferior copies of it which I had seen. A portrait of Fénélon, (the master unknown,) is a very pleasing picture. "The School of Athens," after the manner of Raphael, by his pupil Julio Romano, is very

striking. "St. Augustin healing the Sick," by Arnould de Vuex, and some other pictures by Vandyke; one or two by Salvator Rosa, two by Vernet, and some by Teniers, were among those that most delighted us; but there were several others well worthy the attention of a connoisseur. The gallery is roomy and well lighted; and a person fond of pictures may enjoy a great treat in examining the treasures it contains.

From the gallery we proceeded to the library, which is in the same building, and contains a very large collection of fine books, remarkably well arranged. Each department of literature is bound in different colours, and the particular branch is marked in large characters over each book-case. Every book is numbered, so that any work wanted

can immediately be found. Here are the writings of the most approved authors in all languages; and it gave me pleasure to see a very good collection of English books, in which very fine editions of Shakspeare and Milton stood prominent. In a room joining the library, we saw a collection of very rare and valuable black-letter books, some finely illuminated missals, and curious manuscripts. The librarian permitted us to examine them at our leisure, and allowed me to make the following list of those that pleased me most. How I wished for the presence of my esteemed friend Licius, who would have appreciated those treasures with the *goût* of a true bibliomaniac.

" A very curious Bible of the 13th century, in MS."

" Morale de Philosophie," in black letter, superbly illuminated. Date unknown.

" Chroniques de Monstrelet," MS., 14th century.

" Epistolæ Divi Hieronimi," 1470.

" Senecæ Omnia Opera," 1492.

D. Augustinus in Psalmos, 1493.

A Bible in black letter, with very curious wood-cuts, the binding very rare, 14th century.

" Vita Beatæ Magdalenæ," MS. on vellum, very old.

" Divers Auteurs," black letter, 15th century.

" Le Cœur de Philosophie," 1505.

Two Bibles in black letter, 1512.

" Vita Jesu Christi," 1529.

" Prologus Williami," 15th century, MS.

Epîtres d'Evangélistes, 15th century.

"The four Evangelists," partly in MS. and black letter, superbly bound in brass, and studded all over the sides with *fleur-de-lis*, and bordered with the different crowns of France, very much raised, and bearing evident marks of having contained jewels in each crown. Date unknown.

"La Danse aux Aveugles," MS., with very curious coloured drawings. Date unknown.

"Recueil," by Guillaume Rugher, Count Herault, in MS., with very fine coloured drawings.

"Metamorphoses d'Ovide," in black letter. A French translation with cuts, curiously bound in wood. The early part of the 16th century.

A very fine missal of the 16th century.

A ditto of the same century, very superb.

A collection of plants with very good coloured drawings, and the descriptions in MS.

A collection of ditto, with each plant dried and pasted in the book. The description in MS. Date, 1742.

There were several other rare books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but our limited time did not admit of our examining them. The colophons of many of them were beautiful, and the binding very rare. One had a chain and lock attached to it, for the purpose of fastening it to the reading desk, and the workmanship of both was curious. The guide, who was extremely obliging, afforded us every facility of examining the books and manuscripts, and we bade adieu to the library with regret. A few days may be passed at Lisle with much

pleasure, as the Musée, independently of the buildings and walks, has charms to detain the lovers of painting and literature for many hours.

We found the Hôtel de Lion d'Or very good, and the beds clean and comfortable. I would advise the traveller, who studies his accommodation on this road, to make his arrangements so as to dine at Cassel and sleep at Lisle; for the inn at the former is a mere *auberge*, the beds far from good, but the *cuisine* department excellent, and the landlord and attendants civil and obliging.

Sunday evening, 16th of September.—Arrived at Tournay, a large town with several curious buildings, and a fine cathedral. We were taken by our postillions to the Hôtel Imperial, which we found a very dirty uncomfortable looking place. The beds appeared

as if repose had for ever forsaken them, and in her place left a host of insects of all descriptions. We were furnished, and *willingly* too, with a guide by the waiter, to the Hôtel Singe d'Or, — a thing not likely to have occurred in England, where, if the traveller found fault with the accommodation of one inn, he would scarcely find the waiter of it *civilly* direct him to a better; and after traversing a few streets, we reached the Hôtel Singe d'Or, which we found a most excellent house; the bed-rooms capital, and the host and domestics all attention.

After dinner we were visited by four musicians, two females and two males, who played and sung several waltzes and songs for us. The instrumental part of the music was very good, and the vocal tolerable, but the objection to both was pointed out by

my little nephew, a boy of six years old, who observed that they played so loud that he could not hear them, which meant that he could not distinguish the tunes.

This appears a very flourishing town; the shops look clean and well stocked, and there is an air of more bustle about the streets than is usually seen in foreign towns. The cathedral is a magnificent building, in the Saxon style of architecture, and thought to be above twelve hundred years old. It is built in the shape of a Roman cross, with three fine entrances; it is five hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet high; the roof arched, and studded with small gold stars of six rays. The transept is two hundred and fifty feet wide. The aisles are divided from the nave of the cathedral by large Ionic pillars of the finest Sienna marble. The one

side of the aisle is occupied by a large and handsome parish chapel, and a smaller one; and the other side is ornamented by colossal figures of saints, and the cardinal virtues placed on very handsome marble brackets, with a scollop shell of the same material over each figure.

At the end of the nave is a marble colonnade of two large arches supported by double pillars, and bearing an organ. The centre arch is occupied by a very finely executed colossal marble statue of our Saviour, holding a globe. At each side of the colonnade are two admirably carved arched doors, and the spaces of the walls of the aisles unoccupied by chapels or statues, are filled up by tablets erected to the memory of the dead, interred in the vaults of the cathedral. Those tablets are

all united in squares of a lozenge shape, and have a curious effect.

In the centre of the nave is a beautiful pulpit, supported by exquisitely carved figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Round the base of the pedestal a serpent is twined, between the folds of which, wreaths of the acanthus are intermixed, and one of the children of Charity holds an apple to the mouth of the serpent. The canopy over the pulpit represents a mass of clouds, which, with bad taste, is mixed with fringed drapery, held up by angels and cherubim beautifully carved, and the whole crowned by a palm-tree well executed.

At the transept is a very magnificent colonnade of grey marble, with three arches, supported by pillars, the centre arch opening into the body of the cathedral, and the other two occupied by two very fine statues of

females placed on pedestals. The upper part of the colonnade represents subjects, taken from the Old and New Testaments, exquisitely executed in *basso relievo*. Over the centre arch is a beautiful small statue of the Madona and child, placed in an arched niche; and on the top of the colonnade is a very fine bronze colossal group of Saint Michael trampling on Sin.

Between the pillars that support the arches are marble vases, in niches, on pedestals fronted by tablets; the whole decorated by well-executed friezes and cornices. Never did I see any thing finer than this colonnade. At the end of it, at each side, are two colossal statues, and joining them a large and handsome iron gate with the tops gilt, opening from the transept into the aisles of the body of the cathedral, with

marble pillars at each side. Joining these gates, there is at each side a handsome arched marble altar, with altar pieces, and these form the finish of the division of the transept from the body of the cathedral.

That part of the church, which is occupied by the clergy, is ornamented by paintings, from the life of our Saviour, painted in imitation of *basso relievo*, and so well executed, that at a little distance they have all the appearance of projecting. These paintings are by Sauvage, and were painted in 1810. Round this part of the body of the cathedral are finely carved seats for the bishops and other clergy. At the end of the body facing the transept is the high altar, which is very splendid, and placed in front of a superb window, the painted top of which forms a fine finish to the

altar. The altar-piece is composed of silver gilt, and extends in a pyramidal form up to the top, which is finished by a very lovely figure in Parian marble, of the Madona and child, crowned by a dove. At each side, but lower down, are two finely-executed angels, the whole surmounted by clouds, from which cherubim are peeping out. Below the Madona is a pelican of silver, with the breast bleeding; and, last of all, over the place where the chalice is kept, is a large silver lamp, the whole decorated with golden rays. At each side of the high altar are placed Gothic stands, on which are large models of churches in silver gilt.

Instead of the windows, there are arched niches, in which are beautifully carved silver gilt figures of the martyr bishops, according to their different avocations, richly ornamented with gems. The other model con-

tains in the niches female figures; it is equally well executed, and has in it some fine jewels. In the aisle of the body of the cathedral is an *alto relievo* in marble of our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, with his disciples sleeping; it is painted and gilt. This is seven hundred years old, and very curious.

There are several fine relievos and pictures through all the cathedral, but the following are those which attracted our attention most: — An admirable copy of Reubens's Assumption of the Virgin; a lovely Virgin and Child, with the Magdalene, embracing the infant Jesus, as he reposes on the lap of the Virgin, or Madona, who is the very personification of loveliness; the master not known. The Offering of the Wise Men, finely coloured; an old picture, in good

preservation;—a present from the nuns of the order of the Black Sisters. These pictures are by Reubens; and there are several others by unknown masters.

At Tours, we were shewn the sacramental plate, part of which is beautiful; and the robes of state of the clergy, with altar-cloths, &c. &c., which are innumerable in quantity and magnificent in quality. The richest of all is the dress of the bishop, which is of cloth of gold, bordered with scriptural pictures in tapestry, so beautifully executed that they have the appearance of enamel painting. There is an altar-piece and a long drapery to match, which are only used on grand occasions in processions.

I was much struck on observing an altar and two pillars in the cathedral, nearly covered with waxen legs, arms, hands, eyes,

and female breasts. On inquiring the meaning of this, our guide told me, that persons afflicted with complaints in any of their limbs, prayed to the Virgin, or some particular Saint, for relief; and on recovering, as a mark of gratitude, dedicated a waxen likeness of the part cured to the Saint to whom the cure was attributed. We also saw an image of the Virgin and infant Jesus, dressed remarkably fine, but so covered with rings, brooches, pins, lockets, chains, and necklaces, that it is fortunate for their worshippers, that the figures are tolerably substantial, as otherwise they must have broken down under the weight of their ornaments.

There are several curious, ancient houses in the streets at Tournay, and many carved figures of saints and angels stuck up in every corner.

We left Tournay on Monday evening, and reached Ath to sleep. This is an inconsiderable place, with a wretched inn, dirty beyond all description, the beds infested with fleas, and the landlord most exorbitant in his charges; this suggested the following lines: —

Whoe'er comes here must hope for little ease,
By *day* the landlord bites, by *night* the fleas.

Tuesday, September 18. — We reached Brussels, and found the Hôtels de Belleyue and Flanders so crowded, that we could not procure rooms: we proceeded to the Hôtel Wellington, where we found tolerable accommodation. I was struck with the splendour of the squares and buildings, which are truly fine, and the park adds much to the grandeur of the whole. The old streets,

though narrow and irregular, have a very interesting appearance, owing to the ancient style of architecture, and the air of cleanliness and good order of the buildings, which, though truly antique, look as fresh, and in as good repair as when newly built.

We proceeded to the cathedral soon after our arrival, and were much delighted with it. The stained glass windows are extremely fine; one representing Charles the Fifth, crowned at Aix la Chapelle, has a very splendid effect: he is painted with a robe on, which we saw at Tournay, as he presented it to the church of that place, and it is in good preservation, though above three hundred years old. The pulpit is of oak, and of exquisite workmanship; it stands in the centre of the nave, and was executed by Henry Verbruggen of Antwerp, in 1699, for

the church of the jesuits of Louvain; but after the suppression of that order, it was transferred to the present church of St. Guduli in 1776. The subject represented in this beautiful piece of workmanship, is Adam and Eve driven out from Paradise, by an angel with a flaming sword. The figures appear in a leaning posture, as if to support the terrestrial globe which is above them, and which forms the cavity of the pulpit, that rests on a very lofty and finely executed apple-tree. On the top of the tree is a canopy, supported on the one side by an angel, and on the other by a female figure, representing truth. Above is a lovely statue of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Jesus holding a cross, with which he is crushing the head of the serpent. The Virgin is adorned by a glory formed of stars,

and surrounded by angels. Over the figure of Eve, death is represented as rejoicing, and in the act of springing from the apple-tree. At the other side, a branch of the tree extends above Adam, round which the serpent is twined. At the lower part of the pulpit are two small staircases, and on the branches of the tree of knowledge are perched different animals, very well carved. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this pulpit, or chair of truth, as it is called; and the church in which it is placed is worthy of it.

Brussels, Wednesday, September 19th.—We viewed Château Lacken, or the palace of Schonenberg, built by the Archduchess Maria Christina, during her residence in the Low Countries, and afterwards inhabited by Buonaparte, who fitted it up with great magnificence, and resided there sometimes.

It is at present the occasional residence of the king of the Netherlands, who now occupies it.

The house contains some good rooms, and the inlaid floors, which are of a different pattern in each, are very pretty. The *salle à manger* is capacious, but plainly furnished. A magnificent circular room of immense height, lit by a dome-light, and supported by twelve pillars, joins this; it opens on a handsome terrace, and commands a fine view of the country through which the canal winds very gracefully. This apartment has two fire-places, which correspond in shape with the windows and doors, and round the frieze are allegorical groups representing each month, beautifully executed. The floor is of black and white marble, paved in stars, and the whole effect is truly grand. The third room is

furnished with purple velvet, richly trimmed with gold lace, and hung with tapestry representing the nine muses. It contains some fine pier-glasses. The fourth room, or chamber of council, is fitted up with green velvet, trimmed with gold fringe, and opens into a cabinet, or writing-room. The next is the bath-room, which is very superbly furnished, and leads to the bed-room once occupied by Buonaparte. It is hung with crimson Genoa velvet, trimmed with rich gold lace, and a sort of colonnade is formed of white and gold pillars to receive the bed. The furniture of this single apartment is said to have cost 80,000 francs.

How many reflections did this room give birth to in my mind. It was here that, as a conqueror receiving universal homage, reposed that head whose cogitations so often

agitated all Europe. Here, pillowed on down, and surrounded by all the appendages of state and luxury, reclined that form which lately found its last resting-place on a soldier's hard bed, and is now hid beneath a tomb simple and unadorned as that of the humblest soldier that ever fell beneath his banners. I looked from the windows, whence he too had viewed the prospect; and I felt a melancholy pleasure in fixing my eyes where his also had often glanced. How frequently in the desolate island where he pined in captivity, and beneath a roof unworthy of sheltering a head that had once worn a crown, must he have recalled the memory of past days, when, master of empires, and possessed of palaces, he little dreamed of drawing his last sigh in exile, denied even the comforts which his debilitated

frame required. It is said that it is from days of past prosperity that adversity borrows her sharpest darts. How must the recollection of his past greatness have increased the sufferings of Napoleon! Unfeeling must the mind of that person be, who can view any of the palaces which he so long possessed, without feeling a pang, while contrasting it with the spot where he spent so many years of anguish, and where, exhausted by bodily and mental sufferings, he breathed his last sigh; unattended by wife or child, and indebted to the attachment of a few faithful friends for the last duties of humanity. While Napoleon possessed empires, and gave laws to the half of Europe, I could condemn his overweening ambition and selfishness, and shrink from his hardness of heart and want of principle; but since he has fallen from his greatness, I can

feel no sentiment but pity for his situation, and disgust at the littleness of mind that could lead his enemies to trample on a fallen foe, and abridge his days by ill treatment.

But I wander from Château Lacken. It contains several fine suites of rooms besides those which I have described, and has a very beautiful private theatre attached to it. The gardens are laid out in the English taste, and are ornamented with temples and a grotto. One of the temples is dedicated to Minerva, whose statue is placed in the centre of it, with a globe in her hand, on which are Buonaparte's favourite bees. This is the only memorial of him suffered to remain, and this has probably escaped the observation of its present possessors.

From Lacken we returned to Brussels. The distance is about two or three English miles, and the road is ornamented with pleasant villas at each side, and at one spot commands a fine view of L'Allée Verte, with the broad canal that divides it. This is a favourite drive and promenade in summer.

On our return from Château Lacken, we proceeded to the Museum, which is in the ancient palace of the Duke of Loraine. It contains some curious old pictures well worthy of attention, but the modern ones in it are not good.

We went in the evening to the Theatre Royal to see Mademoiselle Volney perform in "La Mère Coupable," or "Le Nouveau Tartuffe." She is esteemed a good actress, but, to my English notions, she appears to have the fault of overacting.

The Theatre is handsome and well lighted, and the form of the roof gives it a very light and pleasing effect. The Prince and Princess of Orange were in their box, but their presence did not appear to excite any attention from the audience. The Princess seems to be a mild, unaffected woman, but is not handsome, and the Prince is remarkably plain. The dancing, for we were favoured with a ballet after the play, was execrable, and the music suited it; but the performers seemed to give great satisfaction to the generality of the audience, as they were loudly applauded.

Thursday the 20th September. — We went to Waterloo, that celebrated and interesting spot; that spot on which was decided the fate of the half of Europe, and where so many nations lost some of their bravest

warriors. English, French, Germans, Prussians, Russians, here mingled their blood. How many tears, how many hours of anguish has this field of battle occasioned! Proud as I felt at the distinguished share my country had in that glorious day, my heart sunk within me when I viewed the spot consecrated by the blood of heroes, and reflected how many gallant hearts had here ceased to beat, and how many cherished forms had here sunk on a hard and blood-stained field, far from those who would have died to shield them. On reaching the village of Waterloo, we were assailed by several old men and boys, offering us eagles, buttons, breast-plates, and balls, that had been found on the field of battle, or in the neighbourhood; and some produced human bones, teeth, and other remains of mortality, which they

offered for sale. Here was seen a peasant bartering an eagle, or other ensign, and loudly extolling its merits, demanding two, and sometimes three francs for it; while another held up a jaw-bone, and pointed out the regularity and soundness of the teeth, which enhanced its price. I thought that if the brave fellow, who only parted with this eagle in death, and who prized it even more than life, could have looked up from beneath the sod where his remains were mouldering, and heard the base traffickers thus valuing it, what would have been his feelings; and could the person, probably some gay youth, who once prided himself on the possession of those white and even teeth, and valued each of them more than gold, have heard them offered for a few sous, how would his vanity have shrunk from the humiliating scene!

Luckily, soldiers do not often reflect on such subjects, and the field of battle, and bed of honour are surrounded by a halo of glory that leaves no reflection but the soothing one of,

> " How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest."

And the green sod on which the hero falls, and beneath which he is to recline, embalmed by regret and glory, is the subject of reflection in which the soldier indulges, when a presentiment of his fate crosses his mind, and all the disgusting realities are unthought of.

Could he have imagined his mutilated remains dragged from their kindred earth, and offered for sale at the price of a few sous; the ornaments of his professional dress, which so often gratified his youthful vanity, hawked

about, "The field of Battle," and "Bed of Honour," would have lost much of its glory in his eyes.

One of my companions pulled some wild flowers from a spot where several hundreds of the slain had been buried, which suggested to me the following lines:

> In search of flowers to Waterloo don't roam,
> You'll find the flower of Waterloo at home.

We stopped half an hour at La Hay Sainte, and saw the gate where the French entered; it has been pierced by shots, and opens into an orchard. The farm-house has been repaired, and is now in good order; it has several marks in the walls, where the shots entered; and we were shewn a small dark room underneath the stairs, where an old woman remained during the attack; and,

on being afterwards questioned as to whether she felt much alarmed, she declared that, not feeling at all interested about any of the parties engaged, it was a matter of indifference to her who was successful. This was, indeed, being a philosopher.

From La Hay Sainte, we walked to La Belle Alliance. In the gable end of the house there were seven large shots lodged; but these were the only traces left of the warfare. La Belle Alliance is a small public house, remarkably clean, and the landlady a very civil, obliging person. From her I purchased a small gold ring that had been found on the field of Waterloo, snapped in two. We were shewn some swords and guns that had been found; two of the former belonged to French officers, and were offered for sale at eight francs each.

From La Belle Alliance we proceeded across some ploughed fields to Hougmont, or Groumont, as it is called. I should have mentioned, that on our way to La Belle Alliance, we stopped on an eminence, where the Duke of Wellington took his position during a great part of the action. On this spot grew a tree, which was held in such reverence by the people who came to view the ground, that each person cut off a small piece until the whole tree has disappeared, save a part of the root, which our guide dug for, that we might bear off a portion of it. From the large ploughed field which we crossed on our route to Groumont, we entered a field of clover, where we were told several of the killed had been buried. We were informed that the only trace now visible of the spots where hundreds mouldered be-

neath, was that the crops grew more luxuriantly there than any where else.

We entered the orchard of Groumont by a small gap, close to which were some trees, the stems of which were perforated with shots. The orchard is bounded on the left by a hedge, and on the right by a garden-wall, which has loop-holes. The wall is very much shattered all round, and close to it is a hollow spot, where above five hundred of the slain were buried. The gardens at Groumont still retain much of their beauty; there is one part of them where three walks are cut into green alleys, shaded over the whole way like bowers, with a vista seen through each walk. What a contrast must this calm verdant spot have presented to the scene of destruction around it on the 18th of June,

1815!—In this garden fifty men were found dead.

The chateau is a complete ruin, but bears the traces of having been a good house, and of considerable extent; it was inclosed in a square, with the offices and house forming three sides of it, and a gate at each side. We were shewn the chapel, the doors and floor of which were burnt; and this furnished the superstitious natives with a miracle which they record with seeming delight. A large crucifix was placed over the door, the feet resting on the door-frame; when the flames reached the feet they immediately expired, though all the wood-work around was consumed.

We saw two large monuments one on each side of the road, between La Hay Sainte and La Belle Alliance; they are placed on

eminences, and are seen at a considerable distance. One is to the memory of Sir A. Gordon, brother to Lord Aberdeen, and erected by his sister and five brothers. The inscription is simple and affecting, and the monument plain but striking. The other is to the memory of some officers of the German Legion, erected by their brother officers.

In the church of Waterloo are several monuments to the British officers; and in the gardens of some of the houses in the village are placed tombs, beneath which are interred some officers who had been wounded and brought to the cottages, where they expired, and were buried on the spot. We entered the house where the gallant Marquis of Anglesea underwent amputation, and were shewn the chair on which he sat while the operation was performed. The landlady

spoke in raptures of the noble Marquis's fortitude and resolution, and shewed us the boot which he wore the day he was wounded. We also saw the monument erected in the garden to his leg, and we all joined in the hope, that though he has one foot in the grave, he may long live to enjoy his well-earned fame!

Friday, September 21. — Took a tour of the churches, several of which are fine Gothic buildings, and richly decorated with pictures, carvings, and statues. It is painful to see these fine old buildings disfigured by gaudily dressed images of saints and angels. The dresses are, I understand, presented by devotees, and their zeal is estimated according to the richness of the habiliments which they present. I think, in walking round one of these cathedrals, and examining the dresses

of the virgins and saints, a person might form some opinion of the characters of the donors, according to the dresses presented; for instance, some of the virgins are adorned in so coquettish a style, as evidently bespeaks the dress to have been presented by an experienced coquette; others are arrayed in sombre garments, that indicate the giver to have been an old woman disgusted with the vanity of the world. I might enumerate many more, such as the gay tinseled drapery presented by some flighty, flashy young dame; and the simple white dress, adorned only with flowers, which imagination pictured to be the gift of some pure unsophisticated maiden, who would have liked to array herself in a similar habit.

The church of St. James, in the Place Royal, is the only modern church we en-

tered at Brussels; it is a very fine building, but, like the others, disfigured by tawdrily dressed images, which ill assort with the pure Grecian style of the architecture. From this church we went to view the collection of pictures belonging to the banker, Mr. Daroont, which contains some good specimens of the ancient masters. We noticed several of Rubens, and one or two of Titian; a very fine portrait of a lady and cat by Hans Holbein; a portrait by Vandyke, and two or three admirable pictures by Teniers; also an excellent picture by Pourbus. There were several other fine pictures, but too many to enumerate. One of the most disagreeable circumstances attending a collection is, that it requires many days to examine the pictures sufficiently to be acquainted with the merits of each; and when so many are crowded to-

gether, the attention becomes distracted, and one is fatigued before half the collection is viewed as it ought to be. Had I a fine collection of pictures, and a large house, I would hang only a few in each room, so that their merits might be seen without fatiguing the attention.

We went to the lace manufactory, and saw some beautiful specimens. The progress of making it is curious, and it requires seven years to perfect the lace-makers in their profession. A lace of a good width is joined in seven or eight places, as the net or ground is made in narrow strips, which are joined together according to the width the lace is required to be. The border or sprigs are then sewed on, and the work is divided as follows: — One woman makes the ground,

another joins it, a third makes the sprigs, and a fourth sews them on the ground-work.

The pattern of the lace is neatly chalked on a blue paper, on which the ground-work is pinned, and the sprigs and border sewed on over the proper pattern, in the same manner as muslin is embroidered in England.

From the lace manufactory we went to see the museum: in a room at the back of which we saw a large picture of the battle of Waterloo, by a Flemish artist, in which (naturally enough) the Prince of Orange is made the prominent figure. I cannot say that I liked it much, though there was a good deal of force in it.

We saw the library, which is in the same old palace as the gallery of pictures, and contains a large collection of fossils, minerals,

gems, birds, beasts, insects, fishes, &c. &c. and all other specimens of natural history, very well arranged.

The collection of butterflies is particularly good. The books in the library are of a more useful than ornamental character, but we saw nothing there worthy of notice. The Hotel de Ville is a fine old building, and the square in which it stands has an imposing effect. The houses round it are the oldest in Brussels, and the style of architecture partly Spanish and Moorish, which, with a good deal of ornament, and painting and gilding, gives it a striking appearance.

The Park at Brussels contains some delightful walks, and is decorated with statues, busts, fountains, and handsome gates; and the houses all round it, and the

Square Royal, into which it opens at one side, are truly grand.

Brussels is altogether a fine place, and as improvements are every day going forward, and ornamental buildings, and entrance-gates erecting, it bids fair to exceed most other cities in beauty.

Left Brussels on Monday 22d September, and passed through a richly-wooded country to Mons, where we halted for the night. Mons is a fortified town, and is a place of considerable size. There is a large square in the centre, at one side of which stands the Hotel de Ville, a fine ancient building, in the same style of architecture as the old palace at Brussels, at present used as a Hotel de Ville. The square is bounded on the other sides by hotels, coffee-houses, and good shops, and the town appears populous

and flourishing. The Hotel de Chevaux is excellent in every respect.

We viewed the cathedral, which is a magnificent Gothic building, and highly decorated with fine carvings, altars, and stained-glass windows; it contains a beautifully-carved oak screen of exquisite workmanship. We saw the exterior of another ancient building at Mons, having the appearance of a church, and richly decorated with Arabesque ornaments.

We left Mons on Sunday, September 23d, and reached Valenciennes, which is a fine ancient town, celebrated for its manufactory of lace. We were detained here some time, owing to the inattention of our postillions, who broke the pole of our carriage in turning into the inn-yard. We found the inn, which is at the Post Royal, far from clean,

and its attendants were neither civil nor attentive.

We had great reason to complain of the trouble given us on the road, by examining and re-examining our passports at every place through which we passed; on entering the Low Country, we were examined at the custom-office on the frontiers: and on entering France again, we had the same trouble; for our imperials and boxes were examined; and though we thought ourselves then free from any more trouble, at the very next place we came to we were assailed, and obliged to give money to prevent having all our things tumbled again.

We reached Cambray in the evening of Sunday, and found the Hotel de Hollande most uncomfortable; the house dirty beyond measure, and even the sitting-rooms

infested with fleas. We had hoped, that as our troops were so long stationed at Cambray, and the Duke of Wellington having resided there so long, that the influx of company he drew thither would have improved the inns, and have given the people some idea of English comfort; but this is far from being the case, and exorbitant charges and bad accommodation, prevail more where the English have been quartered than any where else.

Monday, September 24.—Left Cambray, and saw a magnificent canal to the right, the work of Napoleon, cut through a stupendous hill, which is well wooded at each side. We reached Compeigne, the last post to which, is through a very beautiful country, well wooded and highly cultivated.

Tuesday, September 25th.—Went to see

the palace, which was the favourite residence of Buonaparte, and which he furnished with surprising magnificence, for the reception of his empress Maria Louisa. It remains in the same state, except that all the eagles, bees, and N's are defaced, and their places supplied by *fleur-de-lis* and L's, while the fine suite of apartments are assigned to other owners. Buonaparte's own rooms are now called the King's, and the voluptuously beautiful suite of Maria Louisa are assigned to the Duchess d'Angoulême. This palace was commenced by Louis XIV., and partly finished by Louis XV. and XVI. It was reserved for Napoleon to complete it, which he has done in a style of magnificence that surpasses all description.

The chapel is light and elegant; the altar Parian marble with gold ornaments. Four

well-executed statues of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Communion, are placed at the four corners. The gallery for the Royal Family is furnished with crimson velvet, richly trimmed with gold bullion fringe, and the whole has an imposing effect. The carpet of the chapel is of tapestry, representing the sun, moon, and stars, very finely wrought. The anti-room to the chapel-gallery is hung with beautiful ancient Gobelin tapestry, the colours of which are as fresh as when it was woven. The anti-room opens into the *Salon de Garde*, which is a good room of large dimensions. Two fine statues of Mars and Minerva, with appropriate emblems, are placed over the great folding-doors leading to the next room, and two of France and Force, represented by a lovely female figure and a Hercules, who

holds a chained Hydra or Cerberus. The cornice of this room represents plumed helmets much raised, and the walls are in pannels, representing the triumphs of Alexander in fine *basso relievos*. This room opens into the chamber of Hussars, which contains two very curious portraits; the one of the present King of Persia, sent by him as a present to Buonaparte, and the other of Selim III., Sultan of the Turks, who was afterwards strangled: this was also a present to Napoleon. This room is hung with ancient tapestry, representing the triumphs of Neptune.

We next proceeded through different suites of inferior rooms to those occupied by the late Duke de Berri, which are truly magnificent. The bed, dressing, and bath-rooms, boudoir, and drawing-room of the Duchess

de Berri, are not only splendid but tasteful. The suite assigned to Monsieur are also magnificent, but the rooms of the empress surpass every thing I have ever seen in grandeur and elegance of taste, particularly the bed-room. The ceiling is exquisitely painted; the centre represents Aurora, and gives a delicious picture of rosy joyous morn. The Seasons are beautifully painted in pannels, and the furniture is of the finest crimson silk embroidered with gold flowers, rich gold embroidered borders, and very deep gold bullion fringe. The bed is beyond every thing splendid. It is carved in fine relievo and gilt; the curtains of white satin superbly trimmed with gold fringe, held back at each side by an angel of full size, and beautifully carved and gilt. I can find no words to describe the furniture,

glasses, sofas, &c. &c. of this apartment, and the bath-room which opens into it.

This last is a circular room with a deep recess, lined each way with looking glass; in this recess is placed a beautiful bath, that is formed into a sofa or bath at pleasure. The room is hung with white lustring trimmed with gold fringe, and all the furniture is of white and gold. The suite occupied by Napoleon joins this, and is indeed grand, combining all that can be imagined of comfort, luxury, and magnificence. The drawing-rooms, presence-chambers, and other state-rooms, are all superb. The hangings are of the richest velvets and silks, embroidered in the finest taste with gold, trimmed with deep gold bullion fringe, and all the furniture to suit. Three of the rooms are hung with beautiful tapestry, containing the

most interesting fables exquisitely wrought, the chairs and sofas worked to correspond. In one room, the pannels contain the finest coloured flowers, and the chairs have similar ornaments. The flowers are so finely raised, that it seems a pity to press them by sitting on them. Another room contains La Fontaine's fables of the birds; and here also the chairs and sofas are made to match. But it is in vain to attempt a description, where all is grandeur and magnificence. The ball-room is a perfect fairy scene of enchantment: it conveys more the idea of an eastern dream than of a scene of reality.

It is 144 feet long and 44 feet wide, with an arched roof, supported by Ionic pillars finely gilt, between each of which are arched high windows, and doors opposite of the same height, striped with panes of looking-glass.

The ceiling is painted in compartments, beautifully finished, and richly ornamented with wreaths of flowers and gilding. At each end is a large mirror, the height of the room, and of immense width; and on entering, it has all the effect of a room of gold; never did I behold so gorgeous a scene. The principal apartments open on a raised terrace that overhangs the gardens; these have a vista cut through the centre, which reaches to the front of Compiegne, and is terminated by a considerable eminence of wood. The gardens are all the works of Napoleon, and are laid out with great taste in the present improved style of English landscape gardening. They are filled with fine trees, and the borders are luxuriantly adorned with flowers.

The terrace is decorated with fine orange-

trees in tubs. In the garden is a magnificent covered walk, composed of cast-iron, closely latticed, and covered by creepers and flowering shrubs. This walk is seventeen feet high, seventeen wide, and a quarter of a league in length, and terminates in the forest.

There are but few antique statues in the palace. The first is a figure of Diana in bronze, with a drapery of highly-polished agate; the second is of marble with a similar drapery, and has a modern gilt head. There are a Cupid and Psyche by Canova; a statue of Innocence holding a serpent to her bosom, which gives me more the idea of sheepishness than of purity; and a second Cupid and Psyche, all by the same artist. The façade in front of

this palace is six hundred feet long, and the terrace extends to a still greater length.

Nothing can exceed the splendour of the interior of the palace, but its situation, according to our English taste, takes away much from its grandeur. The court-yard is only divided by iron rails from the road, of which it commands a full view; and in front of the grand entrance are some shabby old buildings, that form too great a contrast with this princely structure.

We left Compeigne on Tuesday, and proceeded through almost luxuriantly wooded country, diversified by hill and dale, and ornamented by the Oise, which winds gracefully through it. We were much amused by seeing half a dozen little boys, who diverted themselves by tumbling head over

heels one after another, with surprising rapidity, down a high sandy hill, and always came on their feet at the bottom.

We reached Senlis on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning proceeded to Chantilly, which we stopped to examine. This was once the magnificent palace of the great Prince de Condé, and is still in possession of one of his descendants, the present prince of that name, father to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghein.

In one room is a fine collection of pictures to commemorate the conquests of the Prince de Condé. They are fitted into pannels, large pictures in the centre, and small ones round. We were shown the bed in which the celebrated Condé always slept when at Chantilly, and the room in which the unfortunate Duke d'Enghein was born. This

palace was nearly destroyed in the revolution, and the celebrated stables alone were left entire, and were occupied by the soldiers.

They were built by the grandfather of the present prince, and I believe are considered the most splendid stables in Europe. The exterior is highly decorated, and the architecture of the windows and doors ornamented with military trophies and finely sculptured horses. There are forty-three large stalls at each side, which are divided by a circular space, paved in circles, with a handsome fountain at one side, and large oak corn-chests at the other. Each of the stalls is allotted to a particular horse, and labelled with the name in large characters. The present prince has repaired that part of the old palace which was left, and is adding to it. The rooms are furnished with elegance and attention to

comfort, and it is a very desirable residence.

From Senlis to Chantilly, the drive on grassy roads in the extensive woods is perfectly delightful, commanding numerous views, by means of vistas cut through the forests for many miles, and opening at each side. These are intended to facilitate the hunting of the Prince de Condé, who keeps up three establishments for this purpose: one is for hunting the wild boar, another the rein, and a third common deer. These establishments are called hunting equipages. At one spot to which we came, about two or three miles from Chantilly, we saw a large circle finely sodded; in the centre of it is a round stone table, on which a collation is served for the prince when he hunts. This table commands a view of twelve broad

walks cut through the forest, and has a beautiful effect.

We proceeded from Chantilly to St. Denis, where we stopped to view the cathedral; it is a grand building, and is at present undergoing a thorough repair. We reached Paris in the evening, and found our rooms at Meurice's Hotel, Rue St. Honoré, very comfortable.

Paris, Thursday, September 27. — We went to the Louvre, where we passed two hours in admiring the treasures of art that are still left in that magnificent gallery. The fine collection of Rubens which I formerly saw at the Luxembourg is now moved to the Louvre, to fill up the spaces of the pictures claimed by the different nations in 1815. To be able to appreciate the pictures justly, the eye should be accustomed to them

by examining them day after day; for the gallery is so large, and the collection so immense, that at the first view of them the gazer is bewildered I hope to be able to devote an hour or two to the Louvre every day while we remain at Paris.

Went to see the cathedral of Notre Dame, which is a venerable old building. It was in this church that in 1804 Napoleon was crowned, with even more than "all the pomp and circumstance" of state attending such pageants; and here, in eleven years after, every vestige of his reign was destroyed; so that now not a solitary eagle or bee remains out of the countless thousands of those emblems, that once decorated this church. Their places are supplied by *fleur-de-lis.* But the absence of every emblem of

Napoleon, speaks of him more eloquently to the memory, than all those that blazoned forth his state in the days of his power. When Napoleon was crowned, he presented his coronation-robes and the splendid draperies of his throne to the church of Notre Dame; also some very fine pieces of plate. On the restoration of the Bourbons, they had the splendid embroidery ripped from the robes, all the bees taken off, and the rich borders put on others, on which the *fleur-de-lis* were embroidered. The draperies, too, have been robbed of every attribute of Napoleon, and covered with *fleur-de-lis*, and at the baptism of the Duke de Bourdeaux, all the draperies used at the coronation of Buonaparte were again displayed. We were shown the missal used at

Napoleon's coronation, which was prepared for the occasion; it is printed on fine paper, bound in scarlet Morocco, richly gilt, and has large clasps. All the plate, rich ornaments, relics, &c. &c. belonging to Notre Dame, which were pillaged from it at the revolution were restored by Buonaparte, who added several valuable presents from himself. We were also shown the large wax-candle, in a finely-painted case, used at the christening of the king of Rome, and sent for the occasion as a present from the Pope.

The church of Notre Dame is well worthy of attention: the architecture is extremely fine, nor is the church disfigured by any of those disgusting images so conspicuous in the country churches. It contains some old monuments, of which the finest is that of the Duc de Harcourt. At the back of the altar

is a beautiful group of sculpture, representing our Saviour on the lap of the Virgin, by Castilini; on the left of this is a fine statue of Louis XIII. on his knees, holding his arm forward towards the Virgin, and on the right a statue of Louis XIV.; the first executed by Coston, senior, and the second by Coston, junior; both good. A screen of finely-carved wainscot is also worthy of notice; it is in *basso relievo*, the figures spirited, and terminated at each side by a beautifully-carved pulpit. It represents the Cardinal Virtues at the one side, and the history of the Virgin at the other. The church is hung with pictures by modern artists, but none worth naming. In the aisle at the right side, on entering, the side wall is ornamented by an interesting piece of *alto relievo*, the subject scriptural, and executed with great force

and spirit. This is very ancient, — the date unknown. There are in the church three very large windows of stained glass that have a splendid effect; but the arched stained windows possess little beauty, and are, I believe, chiefly modern.

Paris, Friday, 28th Sept. — Spent some time at the Louvre, which I enjoy more every day, and thence drove to Père La Chaise, the modern and fashionable burying-ground of Paris. Will it be believed that even to the "Narrow House" fashion carries its influence — but so it is; and all the persons of a certain rank, that is to say, those who can afford to pay for it, who may enter the dull precincts of death at Paris, are consigned to Père La Chaise, which is certainly the most cheerful (if I can apply this term to such a place) church-yard that ever was seen.

The French only could have thought of decorating the last sad earthly home, as this is adorned; nothing can be more incongruous; every size, sort, and shape of monument, from the pyramid of Egypt in miniature to the ornamented Gothic chapel, all are jumbled together in the strangest confusion. Here we have a sarcophagus supported by sphinxes, while next to it a Greek cross of delicate proportion rears its modest front. Several of the monuments have recesses in them, which are filled with baskets of artificial flowers covered over with glass, and almost all are adorned by garlands of flowers, moss, or beads, while many have beds of flowers, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round them. The place is thickly planted with cypress, poplars, and other trees, and several walks are formed in it. The mixture of

frivolity and sentiment visible in this asylum of the dead must impress itself strongly on the mind of an English person, and is no bad epitome of the French character.

Here the ruling passion is strikingly evident; and I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling about me, that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable, sentimental Père La Chaise. The beautiful monument of the unfortunate lovers Heloise and Abelard is removed to this cemetery, and wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall that incloses the ground. Surely, if "in the ashes glowed their wonted fires," they would doubly glow at the situation and society in which they are now placed.

It is the custom to pay a certain sum for

the ground, which is generally bought at so many years' purchase. The general period is fifty years, and at the expiration of that time it is broken up, and disposed of again. The tomb-stones usually bear inscriptions specifying the length of time for which they are to stand. Reading these inscriptions suggested the following lines:

> Reader, this grave for fifty years is mine,
> But when my term is up, it may be thine!

Thus the epitaph answers the double purpose of honouring the dead, and of offering the tenement to a future customer.

We went to the opera in the evening, and saw some good dancing in the divertissement and ballet. The singing, according to my taste, was far from agreeable; noisy, harsh, and affected. I know not whether it

was most disagreeable to witness the contortions of the singers, or to listen to their notes. Some of the music was difficult; and I, like Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion, wished it had been impossible. Music, in France, cannot justly be called the food of love; indeed I think the most ardent votary of Cupid would prefer being starved to such food.

Saturday, 29th September. Paris. — The Countess de —— having sent me tickets of admission for the Chapel Royal, and it being understood that all the royal family would attend, we were at the gate precisely at eleven o'clock, having been told that it was necessary to be there by that time; but we soon found ourselves in an awkward predicament, for the guards refused to let us pass, until all the persons in attendance on the court had

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first entered; and we were compelled to wait outside the gate, among a crowd of persons, who occasionally pressed upon us as they were driven back by the approach of the carriages drawing up, or the soldiers riding close to them. We were obliged to wait half an hour before we were admitted, and it was then necessary to face a crowd who were elbowing each other with all their might. I must here observe that I never saw any thing more polite and good-humoured than the body-guard were, for although pushed from their posts continually by the crowd, they bore it with the most perfect temper.

After great crowding and much derangement of dress, we at length reached the large anti-room that opens into the gallery of the Chapel Royal: through one of the arches we had a good view of the royal family; and it

being the anniversary of the birth-day of the Duc de Bourdeaux, the whole court appeared in full dress, and made a very brilliant appearance. The rich dresses of the noblemen and officers in attendance on the royal family, mingled with the gay military costumes, had a very imposing effect. I was much pleased with the politeness and good-breeding of the French people on this occasion, which formed a striking contrast to that of the English. The Frenchmen of all ranks gave way to the females, and the Frenchwomen evinced a strong desire to make room for, and to accommodate the English ladies; while the generality of the natives of the last-mentioned country seemed to think only of self, and pushed and crowded on every side, until they had gained what they considered the best situation, wholly regardless of incommoding

their neighbours. The music was very good, and the *Te Deum* finely executed.

I was surprised at observing the total heartlessness of the people of all ranks towards the king and royal family, and also their apparent want of devotion. Their performance of the ceremonies seemed merely mechanical: their knees bent, and their lips moved, but their eyes wandered about; and smiles and bows of recognition took place during the most solemn parts of the mass.

From the Chapel Royal we proceeded to the Baron Denon's, where I enjoyed a high treat in his agreeable and original remarks. His house may be called an encyclopedia of the fine arts: all regions have been ransacked to contribute to this splendid collection, which is arranged with exquisite taste and judgment. Though each room contains countless

numbers of curiosities of every description, they are arranged in fine cabinets in such order that every room is perfectly habitable. I was charmed with the Baron Denon, who is full of taste for the fine arts, and possesses the most perfect urbanity and good breeding. He has invited us to visit him again on Tuesday, and I anticipate the meeting with pleasure.

From the Baron Denon's we drove to Dr. Gall's, the celebrated craniologist. Having studied his theory a little, I was anxious to view his collection, but we found him confined by indisposition: we were received, however, by Madame Gall, who appears to be a very clever intelligent woman. We are to see the craniologist as soon as he is able to leave his room; and I look forward with much

interest to seeing him, and hearing him explain his theory on human skulls.

Sunday, 30th Sept. — Spent a considerable time in the gallery of the Louvre, and in the Hall of Statues. The last-mentioned place has lost its brightest ornaments, which were reclaimed in 1815 by the different nations from which they had been taken; and, alas! modern art can but ill supply the place of the inimitable Venus de Medicis, the elegant Apollo, the graceful Antinous, the Laocoon, and the long list of magnificent statues that once graced this hall. Never again shall we behold such a constellation of sublime performances of genius as the halls of the Louvre presented in 1814. It was Buonaparte only who could have drawn them into one focus, and with him fled the proudest trophies that Paris or the French nation ever possessed.

I know that Buonaparte has been severely censured for what have been called his plunders, but I view the business in a different light. Who ever accused the celebrated Duke of Marlborough of plundering; and yet the trophies and warlike ornaments that decorate the front of Blenheim were brought from Flanders; and whether by Marlborough or for him, still they may as well be viewed in that light as Buonaparte's bringing to the capital of his empire works that must have improved the national taste, and excited the bravery and emulation of the whole nation, who could never behold those sublime trophies of their own prowess, without feeling an increase of courage. No one ever understood human nature better than Napoleon, and he never gave a more convincing proof of this, than by making the

Louvre the boast of France and the envy of all the rest of Europe.

The Gallery, much as it has lost, has suffered much less than the Hall of Statues, for many very fine pictures that belonged to France still remain; the collection of Rubens, that has been moved from the Luxembourg, fills up an immense space; and the works of Nicholas Poussin, which are now brought into more prominent notice, occupy the chasms occasioned by the absence of other master-pieces, and in some measure prevent their being missed.

Monday, October 1st.—Walked through the Palais Royal, that epitome of Paris, where are to be seen specimens of each of its characters. The gaily decorated shop-windows, filled with tasteful bijouterie, tempting each youthful passenger, and the smiles of

admiration cast on them by the piquante brunette, who points them out to her swain, are very amusing; and a lounge through the Palais Royal may be considered as one of the most amusing modes of passing an hour at Paris.

We proceeded from the Palais Royal to the Quai Voltaire, which boasts of several curiosity-shops, and certainly has one of the best in Paris. We saw several fine things, but the prices ruinous; and to judge by the stock in the shops, the curiosities at Paris are far from being exhausted, notwithstanding the influx of English, who are so fond of buying. A curiosity-shop has, I confess, great interest for me, and has often furnished food for contemplation. At one corner of those magazines, you may see the elegant dejeune service that once adorned the boudoir

of some celebrated beauty, presented, perhaps, by some adorer, who little deemed that the brittle and perishable memorial which he presented to his mistress would long outlive her, and that the roses so well pourtrayed on each cup would preserve their hue to please future gazers, when those which bloomed on the fair cheek of her for whom they were designed were for ever faded, and that cheek reduced to its kindred dust. At another side, in some obscure corner, may be seen an old jar, covered with dust, that was once the pride and boast of some old maiden lady, who was so careful of this precious jar, that she never allowed it to be dusted but by herself, and never missed any opportunity of extolling its beauty. She parts with it but with life, and bequeaths it as a treasure to her heir, who regards it as

lumber, and disposes of it to the first broker he can find who will consent to take it off his hands.

In another part of the shop may be seen a fine classic shaped vase, whose elegantly chaste form bespeaks its having once filled a better situation. This once belonged to an amateur of the fine arts, whose exhausted fortune gave convincing proofs of the ardour of his admiration for vertu: he never ceased to buy till he was compelled to sell; and this, with many other specimens of his good taste, came to the hammer. Could he now see it, how would he shrink at beholding it surrounded by its present incongruous companions.

The next shelf presents the finely executed bust of Newton, that once filled an honourable and honoured place in the library

of a man of letters, surrounded by Locke, Boyle, and other ornaments of literature and philosophy. Death, alas! seized the owner, and scattered the fine library; and this bust is isolated, and scarcely valued, while an ill executed little statue of the Venus de Medicis that stands by it excites much attention.

Tuesday, October 2d. Paris. — Went, according to appointment, to the Baron Denon's, to view again his fine collection. He presented me with three medals of himself cast on his return from Egypt. Few houses contain more treasures in the way of curiosities than M. Denon's. He has a magnificent collection of Egyptian curiosities, arranged in the most perfect order, and also a superb collection of India Japan; some fine specimens of carving; some good pic-

tures; some admirable miniatures by Petitot; fine busts and medals, and he is rich indeed in busts and pictures of Napoleon, and his family, some of them very fine. I must not omit the exquisite cast of the elegant little hand of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, which in shape and size surpasses every thing I ever saw or imagined.

From Denon's we went to the Thuilleries, having got tickets to view the palace. The apartments are fine, and richly furnished; the bed-room of the king is very splendid, and fitted up with good taste. The furniture is of mazarine blue velvet, covered with fleur-de-lis of gold, and rich borders. The bed unites English comfort and French elegance, but the thing that pleased me most, was a large and well executed statue of a

female, in solid silver, which has a very grand effect.

Paris, Wednesday, 3d October. Took a tour through the curiosity shops, which are remarkably good. Saw a most beautiful table of modern Sevre, made for the city of Paris, and presented to Napoleon. On the restoration of the Bourbons it was banished from the situation in which it was once so proudly placed, and its present owner purchased it for a small sum. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this table; the centre contains a fine miniature full-length portrait of Napoleon, in his full dress as emperor, while the border is formed of miniatures of all his marshals, in their state dresses. The portraits are by Isabey, and are considered good likenesses; the mounting and whole finishing of this table are

superb. What a proof of the instability of greatness does this fragile piece of furniture present; brittle as are its materials, it has outlived the fortunes of him to whom it owes its formation, and a small sum has purchased that which, but a few months before, the largest sum could not have procured. The price demanded for this table, by its present owner, is three thousand pounds, and he expects that his only chance of selling it, will be meeting with some liberal Englishman, who remembers and admires what the ungrateful French have, with their natural fickleness, ceased to regard.

Paris, Thursday, October 4.—Went to view the palace of the Elysée Bourbon. The garden is pretty, and the staircase handsome. The house is comfortable, and contains some good pictures, but has

nothing very remarkable as a palace. It was inhabited since the restoration of the Bourbons by the late Duc de Berri and his duchess, but since his death it has been untenanted.

From the Elysée Bourbon we went to the Jardin de Plants, which seems much neglected. Wild beasts are a disagreeable sight at all times, but they are here kept in better order, and with more cleanliness than I have ever seen them in England. To the agriculturist or planter, the different modes of fencing and farming, of which the Jardin de Plants exhibits various specimens, are interesting: but it requires several hours to see this and all it contains, as it ought to be seen.

Paris, Friday, October 5.—Made a second tour of the curiosity shops, and saw several

beautiful things; made a few purchases, but none of any value, either in point of cost or intrinsic worth. In the evening went to see the inimitable Mars at the Theatre Française, in La Jeune Femme Colère. Nothing can equal her acting in this character; it is full of animation and feeling, and in acting even the most violent paroxysms of passion, her action never degenerates into any thing like masculine movement. She is no less charming in playing sentimental comedy; her smile is indescribable, full of meaning and archness; her eyes are very fine and expressive, and her voice is music itself. She is altogether the most fascinating actress I ever beheld, and looks much younger and handsomer than when I saw her six years ago, though she was then reported to be forty-five years old: she is a second Ninon De L'Enclos,

and, I trust, like her, will retain her powers of fascination for thirty years to come. Were I a man I should think it necessary to beware the ides of *Mars*.

Armand is a very good actor, but a little inclined to over-act. Damas also has much merit; but, like most of the French actors, he rather caricatures than fairly represents the character which he personates. The charming Mars is the only exception: she is indeed perfection.

Saturday, October 6.—Went to view the "*Magasin des Arts*," which is worth seeing; it is on the same plan as our bazaars, and contains some good things. We also visited some furniture warehouses, where we saw some very handsome furniture. I had no idea that the workmanship could have been so much improved in six years, as I find

it is; for when I was before at Paris in 1816, I observed that the different articles of furniture which I saw were ill-finished and clumsy; and now I think that the French furniture far excels the English.

Sunday, October 7.—Went to Malmaison, once the residence of Napoleon, and, on her divorce, assigned to the late ex-empress Josephine, as her residence. The house is ill-constructed and inconvenient. It contains but one large room, which is a gallery built by the emperor Napoleon, and which in the lifetime of Josephine contained some admirable pictures; but, alas! this house bespeaks the fallen fortunes of its owners; the walls dismantled of all the valuable pictures, the hangings half gone, and that air of desolation which an uninhabited house not half taken care of always has, form a strong

and melancholy contrast to the comfort and taste that reigned there but a few fleeting years ago. The furniture is marked with the initials of Josephine's name, and so are also her books, which are arranged in a very handsome library.

The person who has charge of the house, and who acted as our Ciceroni, lived fifteen years in the service of Josephine, of whom he spoke with raptures; and his eyes, in which the tears glistened, vouched for the sincerity of his feelings. He saw her a very short time before her death, when she bequeathed to him a most exquisitely finished small ivory bust of Napoleon, which had been carved at Padua. He shewed us this bust, and told us he had frequently refused 500 francs for it. It is certainly a most admirable performance, for

even the slightest curves of the countenance are delineated. It has been imagined that Josephine's death was caused by poison, and we have heard it stated, that on her return from the fête given to the Emperor of Russia at St. Cloud, she felt herself ill, and stopped her carriage; that her stomach was violently affected; that on arriving she sent for her physician, who could not discover the cause of her complaints; and finding she became worse, she sent for more medical aid; but it was all in vain, she expired the second day in dreadful agonies, and even before her death, her face became swollen and livid, and her tongue and lips violently inflamed, and black. It is impossible to attach any belief to her being poisoned, as her death could have answered no one purpose to any party, and she was universally liked; but

the generality of people, and the lower class in particular, are fond of marvellous stories, and might attach an importance to the life of Josephine, which, as that of a public character, it had long ceased to possess, and consequently, might account for her death by the mode in which so many who have worn crowns are suspected to have died.

The old servant seeing that I felt an interest about Napoleon, retired for a few minutes, and on his return presented me with a small piece of crimson velvet, with a gold bee embroidered on it, which was a part of the covering of the cassock of Josephine's private chapel, and which was cut up by the Prussians on their entering Malmaison. He gave me this little relic with an air and gesture that marked how highly he valued it. We saw two pictures of Josephine, one of which

is considered a good likeness; the countenance is sensible and intelligent, with much sweetness in it; but if a good likeness, she could not have been very handsome. We saw also a pleasing picture of Queen Hortensia, with her two children. There is a fine bust of Napoleon's mother, by Canova. She looks the mother of a hero, and might have sat for the portrait of a Roman matron. She wears a tiara, on which is a small head of Napoleon, with a chaplet of laurel, very finely executed. There are also two good busts of Josephine and Hortensia.

The gardens at Malmaison are laid out in the present style of English landscape gardening, and are very beautiful. We saw two black swans, with several white ones, on a large piece of water, bordered by

some fine weeping trees, and a variety of plants. How many reflections did the walks of Malmaison excite, and how powerfully did they bring before me Napoleon and Josephine. Here they passed their happiest hours, freed from the torments of state, ere their divorce took place; and here poor Josephine passed her widowed hours, and felt those pangs that agonise a feeling heart, severed from the partner who had so long shared it. The divorce took place with Josephine's consent, because she believed it to be for Napoleon's advantage; but we often make sacrifices that fill us with anguish, and which we feel ought not to be accepted; and this, I am sure, Josephine must have felt. I do believe that had Napoleon never divorced Josephine, he would have died Emperor of France.

We returned to Paris in the evening, and went to the Beaujon gardens, where I was much amused by seeing the carts descend, which they did with a velocity truly surprising. The people in them seemed to enjoy it very much, but I confess that I felt no inclination to partake in the amusement. The attack of a fortress was next exhibited, and with good effect; after which some splendid fire-works were set off. The gardens were tastefully and brilliantly illuminated, and filled with company composed of all ranks and descriptions of persons, who seemed much pleased with the entertainments. There cannot be a greater contrast than the appearance of the French and English at their different places of amusement. At Vauxhall we look as dull and grave as if we had come for some very

serious purpose; while at Tivoli and the other gardens, the French seem to live only for enjoyment; and joyous faces surround one on every side. We may be wiser, but they are, or seem to be, happier.

Monday, October 9th. Paris.—We went to view the Hotel de Grauford, which is to be let furnished. The house is good, and the garden pretty, but the rooms rather in a dismantled state, as the greater part of the furniture has been sold. We saw some fine old china; but all the valuable pictures that the hotel once contained have been disposed of. The price demanded was 3000 francs a month, which is not dear if the house were well furnished.

From the Hotel de Crauford we went to the hotel of the Duchess de Montobello, 27. Rue Vaunnis, which is to be sold. This is

a good house, on a grand scale, elegantly furnished, and has a nice garden attached to it. The Duchess's own private apartments are delightful, and more resemble English comfort than any I have seen in France. We then took a tour of some curiosity shops, where we saw some very good things, and returned to our hotel, fatigued with our day's exertions.

Tuesday, 10th October. Paris. — On returning home yesterday we found that the Baron Denon had called in our absence, to make an appointment with us for this morning, to view a fine collection just imported from Egypt. We went to his house soon after eleven, where we found him with a party of friends waiting our arrival. After spending some time in viewing his collection, which always excites just admiration, we

proceeded to the apartments of Monsieur Thedenet Durant *fils*, *en face de* Thuilleries, accompanied by Baron Denon, his nephew, General Brunet and Mrs. Brunet, Madame Victoire Jacquotot, and some gentlemen of the *literati*, whose names have escaped my memory.

Monsieur Thedenet Durant is the son of the French consul at Alexandria, and has but lately returned from Egypt with this collection, which is offered for sale to the French government. It consists of several mummies in perfect preservation, inclosed in different cases, finely painted. The number of cases is according to the rank of the deceased, and some have had five, all painted with the most vivid colours, and highly varnished. The outward case is shaped like a very large coffin, the interior and exterior painted in hieroglyphics

and ciphers, A large lid fits on this case, on which is painted a human figure, similar to those generally painted on mummies, surrounded by hieroglyphics and ciphers. The mummies are wrapped in cere-cloth, bound round with hempen cords.

Monsieur Durant showed us six heads belonging to mummies that he had opened, which are in a most wonderful state of preservation. They were black and quite dry, like parchment, and had a considerable portion of hair, which did not appear at all discoloured. That of one was of a bright brown, glossy, and intermixed with a few grey hairs; the eye-brows and lashes were quite perfect, as were the nose, eye-lids, and lips; the teeth and tongue of one of the mummies were undecayed. The countenance of each appeared as different as when alive, and all the pecu-

liarities preserved. One of the heads bore a strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington, and the Baron Denon remarked that another of them resembled Volney. A part of the spine was attached to the heads. How wonderful is it to witness these remains of mortality in such a state of preservation, after they have been inhumed above 2000 years! How great must have been the pains bestowed in embalming, and to what an astonishing degree of perfection must the Egyptians have brought it! They seem to have waged war with that ruthless destroyer Time, and in all their works have aimed at baffling his power. Their pyramids, their colossal statues, their art of embalming, all tended to this point; and certainly they have outlived the works of all other nations. If the friends who were so anxious to preserve

the mummies which I this day saw, could have foreseen that the pains they were bestowing to give durability to mouldering clay would be the very means of tempting the curious to plunder the tombs, and to remove the dead from their last sanctuary into foreign lands, to be exposed alike to careless beholders and curious speculators, it may be doubted whether they would not have preferred leaving the frail clay of their friends to mingle with its kindred dust in their native country.

On looking at those dead of a distant era, I was carried back to the days when they were first consigned to the tomb. I looked at each poor face, and thought of the hearts that ached on taking leave of it for the last time. I thought how many times the lineaments of each countenance had been recalled to the memory of some surviving

friend; while now those faces are viewed with careless indifference, or as mere objects of curiosity. Oh! who would wish to give durability to the loved dead on such conditions! Sooner than have my poor remains exposed to strangers, I would have them consigned to the most humble grave, with quicklime to accelerate their decomposition. We were shown a chemise belonging to a mummy, made of a transparent sort of saffron-coloured calico; it was in good repair, and the seams were sewed in the same manner as at the present day.

The large cases of the mummies were filled with very small vases, lamps, clay figures, finely coloured, and covered with hieroglyphics and rings of different kinds. These, I suppose, were votive offerings from the friends of the dead, and were ranged along each side of the mummy in regular

rows. Monsieur Durant presented me with a very curious little ring, made of clay, and of a bright Turquoise colour, that exactly fits me; so that I now wear a ring that has been above 2000 years buried, and that probably once adorned the finger of some Egyptian lady.

Monsieur Durant's collection is very fine, and far surpasses any that I have seen in England; but it gives me pleasure to hear him say that a much finer collection is now ready to be shipped from Alexandria for England by the British Consul, and designed for the British Museum.

From Monsieur Durant's we went to Madame Victoire Jacquotot's in the ———, to view her beautiful miniatures. This lady is considered the best artist in miniature and enamel painting in France, and has received

an annuity of fifty pounds a year for life from the king.

She showed us several miniatures she has copied for the king, which were exquisitely painted; and two enamels of Napoleon, admirable performances: her charge for a large miniature, half length, is 200 pounds sterling.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of Madame Jacquotot's paintings, and her drawings are equally clever; she is an admirable musician, and her conversation is extremely interesting and sensible.

Wednesday, October 11. — Baron Denon spent the evening with us, *en famille*, and very much enlivened us by his agreeable conversation. He excels in conversation, is full of anecdote, and possesses all the liveliness and vivacity of youth, joined to a knowledge of the world that can only be obtained by age

and experience; he has travelled much and observed every thing, and his remarks show the quick discrimination of his mind.

The Baron was the chosen friend of Napoleon, who passed many hours in his society. Napoleon frequently kept the peers and deputies waiting, while he entered into long disquisitions with the Baron on literature and the fine arts, for which he had a passion. He liked sculpture more than painting, and preferred seeing tragedies to comedies.

He was extremely partial to children, and would enter into all their little plays with the most engaging familiarity. The Baron declares, that he was the most fascinating of human beings, and that it was impossible to be often in his society without loving him.

Thursday, October 12. — I am every day

more and more convinced that there is much less rational enjoyment of life in Paris than in London. Here the people are continually out, and seem to live in the open air, so that that there can be but little time for reading, and none for study. Indeed the conversation of even the French literary characters, gives abundant proof that their information is derived from oral sources, and betrays a great poverty of mind joined to an exuberance of words.

The English think more than they speak. The French speak more than they think. They accuse us of coldness and want of animation, while we are disgusted with their flippancy and exaggeration of manner. I can give them credit for a great many good qualities, and even for some that we do not possess; but of profound feeling, or at least any

continuance of it, I cannot believe them capable. There is a sort of stage-effect attached to every thing they do, that never could be practised when not feelingly excited. The French wish to appear amiable and instructing, and are always acting to convey this impression. The English, satisfied with the good qualities which they know they possess, wrap themselves up in habits of shiness and taciturnity, and rather seek to conceal than display their merits.

This day nothing occurred worth noting.

I may say with the Roman Titus, I have lost a day; but, on reflection, I blush at using the expression. He considered that he had lost a day when he had performed no good action; while I used it in a far different sense, that of not having seen any thing worth describing. If we reflected on, and analyzed

the expressions which we often inadvertently employ, they would sometimes convey severe reproofs to us.

Friday, October 13. — Spent the greater part of this morning in loitering through the Palais Royal, admiring the bijouterie exhibited in the windows; returned home, and felt so much annoyed by an intense headach, that I was unable to read or write: the only pleasurable occurrence during the day was a visit from Mr. ———, our celebrated English barrister, who is a most agreeable and intelligent man, with a countenance beaming with benevolence and good-humour, and manners highly prepossessing. His is one of those faces that Lavater would have dwelt on with pleasure, because it indicates the union of talents and goodness; a union equally rare and admirable. Oh! why

should talents, the peculiar gift of the Creator, ever be sullied by vice.

Saturday, October 14th. — Went to the Louvre, where I saw a large collection of pictures of the modern French school, which supply the places once occupied by the pictures of Rubens and Vernet. They possess much merit, though, to an English eye, accustomed to the sober colouring of our school, they appear to want keeping. At the Louvre we were shown the sleeping-room of Mary de Medicis, which has been newly restored to its former style of grandeur. The ceiling owes its beauty to the pencil of Rubens, and is very finely coloured: the room is panneled; the centre of rich dark blue; the borders Cupids and flowers, admirably executed, and mixed with a profusion of gilding. We walked through the

Chamber of Peers, and saw the statues of the generals who had distinguished themselves; and also a portrait of the King, which is not only full length, but full breadth, and as vulgar a looking picture, with a red face, as I ever beheld, conveying any idea but that of a man who had lost his nearest relations by the most cruel deaths, and who had been exiled from his country for twenty-two years. I have seen Louis the Eighteenth several times; and I must confess he looks as if he had done nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, for the last thirty years. He is, I understand, a good-natured man, and not destitute of abilities; but I cannot forgive the jealousy he has shown towards a fallen foe, and the enmity he has evinced towards the poor eagles and bees. We walked through the gardens of the Louvre, once the pride of

Louis the Fourteenth, and the favourite walks of his mistresses; but at present filled with the good but vulgar nurses and children of that now unfashionable quarter of Paris.

In one corner of these gardens the unfortunate Marshal Ney met his death. Louis the Fourteenth would, under similar circumstances, have pierced this general's heart by forgiveness; but Louis the Eighteenth thought it safer to do it by musquet-balls: so poor Ney was shot by the same soldiers that he had often led to victory.

We next proceeded to the Pantheon, designed by Napoleon as a place of sepulture for distinguished Frenchmen. This is another proof that Napoleon understood human nature. The last speech of our immortal Nelson on going into his last action was, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!"—a proof that an ho-

nourable and distinguished grave is a powerful incitement to noble actions, and of this Buonaparte took advantage. The inscription in front of the Pantheon is defaced but not obliterated; and workmen have been busily employed in destroying every memorial of Napoleon. Two or three little eagles have escaped their fury, and point out to the reflecting mind the mutability of fortune. But vain is the task of defacing the emblems of Napoleon, or erasing his name from the public monuments of national grandeur. His fame is identified with France, and marked in the brightest pages of the history of her glory. Frenchmen must forget peril past, and glorious victories achieved, together with that egotism and self-love which a nation, and a military nation too, so fondly loves to cherish, ere they can forget him who led them to renown; and made Paris

the theatre of exhibition of the finest works of art of which Europe could boast. No; Napoleon may be defamed or may be disliked, but can never—never be forgotten.

We went to the Theatre Odeon, to see Mademoiselle George in Jocaste, which she performed with admirable skill. Her face is fine and expressive, and her voice powerful and well modulated. Her figure is clumsy and unwieldy; but notwithstanding this defect, it is impossible not to pronounce her a first-rate actress. It requires time to get accustomed to the violence of gesticulation, and excessive exuberance of the French mode of acting, before an English person can admire their best performances; but, making allowance for this, Mademoiselles George and Duchenoir, in tragedy, are very fine actresses; and Mars, in comedy, is charm-

ing. The Odeon is a very handsome theatre. The fronts of the boxes are decorated with gilt groups in *basso relievo;* and the king's box, which is in the centre of the house, is supported by colossal female cariatides, richly gilt.

Sunday, October 15. — Went to the Baron Denon's, for the purpose of introducing to him Mr. ——— and his sons. We met the Count de —— and some other visitors at the Baron's, whose house seems to be the rendezvous of all the literary people of Paris; at least of those who have sense enough to value a clever man, whatever his politics may be. The Count de ——, who is a staunch Bourbonist, and holds a situation about the court, told us, that one of Denon's greatest merits, in his eyes, is his devoted attachment to his fallen master, and his perfect consist-

ency of character. If all mankind felt such liberality towards each other, how much more delightful society would be! We should have no more of those heart-burnings and jealousies that at present poison the comforts of general society. By judging more favourably of the motives which actuate our fellow-mortals, we should greatly increase our own comfort, and largely contribute to the general stock of the happiness of mankind.

Monday, October 16.—Went to see the magnificent plate of the Duke of Orleans at a jeweller's, who is making some to match it. The covers of the large dishes are very fine; each has an appropriate emblem on the top. The covers for fish have different fishes well executed in dead silver, and the covers for poultry and game have large birds tastefully

executed with hares, &c. The venison covers have stags, dogs, and fawns on them. From the jeweller's we went to the *depôt* for Sevre china, where we saw some fine specimens of that manufacture, but the prices exorbitantly high.

Tuesday, October 17.—This is our last morning in Paris; for we start in the evening for Chantilly, where we intend to sleep. Before our departure from Paris, I went to the gallery of statues at the Louvre, to take a parting glance at the inimitable Venus of Milos. This graceful statue stands in the *Salon de Diane*, in the third niche on the left hand of Diana. It is nearly eight feet high, independently of the pedestal on which it stands. This beautiful figure was lately brought from the island of Milos, where it was discovered but a short time ago.

A young man who had been sent by the French Literary Institution to travel, passing through the island of Milos, saw some peasants excavating, and, on inquiring, was informed that they expected to find some piece of sculpture. He told them he should return to the same place that evening, and that if they found any thing worth purchasing he would be the buyer. On returning, he found that they had just dug up this lovely statue, which he bought and sent to the French ambassador at Constantinople; by him it was presented to the king, who has sent it to the Louvre, where it forms at present the chief attraction.

This statue stands with the left foot advanced forward, and the right hip projecting. The left foot only is shewn, which is very finely modelled. The neck is of exquisite

beauty; and the chest, although it shews a little too much of the anatomy of the form, is well modelled. The bosom is small but well shaped; the right breast is compressed by the upper part of the arm, which rather impairs its beauty. Both arms are broken off from the thick part of the upper arm; but from the position of the parts that remain, I should conclude that they were originally in an extended posture, as there is no trace of their having ever touched any part of the figure. The waist is rather clumsy, and the stomach large. The lower part is covered with drapery, finely executed. The hips are full and gracefully turned. The face is dignified, and full of calm abstracted loveliness. The hair is dressed *a la Grecque*, with a part turning in to the back of the neck. Part of the nose is modern, but all the rest of the

features are perfect. The appearance of the statue is highly interesting, and cannot fail to strike all beholders with admiration.

The statue next to the Venus of Milos that most pleased me, was that of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, as Ceres. This sweet figure is draped, and the face is lovely.

We arrived at Chantilly late in the evening, and found nothing worthy of observation.

Wednesday, October 18th. — Arrived at Amiens at half past seven o'clock, after a tiresome journey.

The country through which we travelled is in general well cultivated, and in some parts pretty. We found the *Post au Cheveaux* Inn far from comfortable; it was noisy and not particularly clean, but the people were remarkably civil, and civility covers a multitude of sins.

Thursday, October 19th. — Went to view the cathedral, which is a most magnificent Gothic structure. We were informed that it was built during the regency of the Duke of Bedford, and founded by an English archbishop of the name of Edward, who died in 1220, and to whose memory there is a monument of brass erected in the church. History compels us to reject this statement. This building is highly creditable to the taste of the English. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the exterior, which is richly decorated. The entrance-front, which opens with three arches, a large one in the centre, and a smaller one at each side, is ornamented in the richest style with innumerable statues, placed in rows, taking the bend of the arches and standing on stone brackets, supported by grotesque figures. In

fact, the whole of the front is one continued series of rich ornaments. The interior is handsome but plain. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with small chapels up the aisles. The whole roof is arched, and the arches are supported by hollow pillars or columns, finely finished and proportioned.

At one side of the church is a very fine piece of ancient *alto-relievo*, in four Gothic compartments, representing the history of St. James the Pilgrim. This piece of *alto-relievo* possesses great beauty. The figures, particularly those of the females, are very finely executed; and the architectural buildings in the back ground are finished with a degree of attention to the rules of perspective rarely to be met with in ancient sculptures or paintings. Another piece of the same dimensions represents the history, life, and

burial of St. Faustine or Firmin, who converted the French to Christianity. The figures were greatly mutilated during the Revolution, but still retain much of their beauty. The back ground is exquisitely painted, and the perspective well attended to. The dresses of the figures have all the richness of Paul Veronese's pictures. They are adorned with the finest colours, well contrasted and mixed with cloth of gold, and gold fringe, admirably executed and embellished with gilding and point lace; the latter is carved with a minuteness that represents the finest fabric of the Brussels manufactory. Some parts of this ancient piece of carving are painted precisely in the same style as the illuminations of Missals, and have the same rich effect.

In one of the small chapels there is a very curious large figure of our Saviour on the

cross, remarkably well carved. The face is expressive of resignation, and is superior to any I have seen. The figure is enveloped in a robe that leaves no part of the person exposed but the neck and feet, which has a much better effect than the naked figures. This statue was found, with two similar ones, many feet under ground, near the sea coast, six hundred years ago.

Friday, Oct. 20th.—We left Amiens and its beautiful cathedral with regret, and proceeded to Abbeville, where we arrived last evening. The country through which we passed possesses many natural beauties. The river Somme winds gracefully through the vallies; while the horizon at each side is bounded by undulating hills, occasionally wooded. One of the villages through which we travelled had a most romantic appearance at a distance,

and, from its situation, led us to expect to see something very beautiful: but, alas! "'twas distance lent enchantment to the view;" for on entering it, all romance fled, and nothing remained but "the dull realities of life,"—and low life, in its most disgusting forms, of filthy houses, and filthy men, women and children. How forcibly must an English traveller be struck with the difference between a French and an English village; and how great is the contrast between the miserable dwellings, squalid looks, and tawdry, tattered garments of the former, and the neat cottage, with its garden of sweets, the rosy cheeks and decent, tidy garments of the natives of the latter! Oh, England! dear, happy England! it is only by seeing other countries that we can prize thee sufficiently; and ungrateful must thy travelled children be, if they do not re-

turn to thy bosom more devoted to thee, by contrasting thee with all other nations.

Abbeville boasts no attractions for the traveller, except a good inn, and I believe many of my countrymen would prefer that to all others.

Saturday, 21st October. — We reached Boulogne at a late hour last night, after a fatiguing journey. The distance, 47½ miles, in England would be thought a journey of five hours and a half; but in France it is otherwise; and we travelled from eight in the morning till nine at night, having only stopped one hour on the road, to make this journey from Abbeville to Boulogne. This place is quite an English colony, and the number of its British inhabitants is estimated at 6000. Notwithstanding they must spend a considerable sum, they have not excited

any good will among the natives, who speak of them with great contempt; and do not seem to thank them for a preference which they consider forced, as they believe that the English settlers have been driven from England by creditors or crimes, and consequently view them with a suspicious eye. It is melancholy to see the numbers of English that are at present established on the Continent, expending their fortunes in enriching a country that is considered the natural enemy of their own; they do not reflect that the sums they spend may hereafter put weapons into the hand of France, to attack her foolish and unthinking benefactors.

But this is not the worst consequence of the English abandoning their country, and residing in France. They lose that *amor patriæ* which, in times of peril, nerves the

arm of the citizen as well as the soldier. They acquire habits of luxury, which, though purchased at a comparatively cheap rate in France, cannot be procured in England but at a considerable expense. Habit renders these luxuries necessaries, and a future residence in England becomes incompatible with the taste and comfort of these selfish exiles. Thus they become lost for ever to their country, and exist the dupes and jests of France. But there is still a more painful view of the subject to be taken. Where will end the pernicious effects to the young people taken to France to be educated or who are born there? What will supply to them the place of those firm principles of religion and morality, so strongly inculcated in the minds of children in England; those vivid first impressions of youth that ever afterwards tinge

the character? It may be answered that these principles and impressions may be given in a foreign country by the parents, or by an English teacher taken with them; but, alas! can there be much expected from parents, who, from selfish motives, (and in nine cases out of ten, I am persuaded, it is so,) remove their families from the moral atmosphere of their own country, to expose them to the pestilential example of French modes and manners? or can an English teacher, who consents to become an exile, be expected to lay a foundation of religion and morality that will bid defiance to the contagion of bad example?

I am far from indulging the illiberal feeling that there is not virtue and amiability to be found in French people; and I am persuaded that many excellent characters exist there;

but the privacy and domestic habits of the estimable part of the French, preclude the admission of strangers within their private circles, and consequently the acquaintance which the English settlers form is seldom with those whose society would be advantageous to their children. Let any unprejudiced person observe the young English people who have been what is called educated in France, and he will allow that shewy and superficial accomplishments, with levity and boldness of manners, have superseded all solid and estimable acquirements. Is a woman thus accomplished fit to be the wife of an Englishman, and the mother of English children? Alas! no. She will not only be incapable of performing her own duties, but probably will pine for the scenes in which she passed her youth, and seduce her husband to abandon his country

and go with her to France. Would that some friend to England would take up this subject, and point out to the deluded exiles the folly of their conduct.

If the selfish motives that actuate the generality of English residents in France were exposed to the lash of ridicule, it might have a beneficial effect. If all men who preferred France were accused of giving it the preference from a wish to avoid the payment of their just debts, or from a fallen pride of wishing to make an appearance beyond their fortunes, or from an inclination to the pleasures of the table, or from what is still worse, for having incurred a bad character at home,—they would feel ashamed, and perhaps awake to a sense of their degradation; and if the women were charged with preferring to see their daughters dance like opera girls, and

possess a few showy accomplishments, to their growing up useful, intelligent, virtuous young women, they might blush and take shame to themselves for the passion for lace and fine dress that first led them to prefer a residence in France.

Boulogne is a town of considerable extent, but has little beauty to recommend it. It has a cheerless aspect; but its natives in general have a healthy appearance, and are a better looking race of people than the towns in France generally boast of. We proceeded from Boulogne by the dreary and uninteresting road to Calais: the tomb of the unfortunate aëronauts, whose balloon descended on this spot, and came with so violent a concussion on the wall of the church-yard as to cause their instant death, stands precisely on the spot where their aërial

career so fatally terminated, in a small village a few miles from Boulogne, on the right of the road from that place to Calais.

Sunday, Oct. 22nd, Calais.—On arriving at this place yesterday we found that, owing to a heavy gale of wind, no vessel would leave the harbour; but that, if the weather improved, a steam-boat would sail this morning. The weather, however, wore so unpropitious an appearance, that we agreed to wait another day; so the Dasher steam-boat sailed this morning without us. We spent the day in sauntering about the dirty streets of Calais, and in the evening went to the theatre, whence I am but just returned. The theatre is larger than the generality of country ones, and was well filled. The audience entered with great animation into the performances, and applauded or hissed with

equal vehemence, as the dramatis personæ excited their admiration or disgust. The performance consisted of three pieces; the second was founded on the landing and defeat of the Pretender in Scotland, and Lady Athol and Flora M'Donald are the heroines. The Pretender was represented at one moment as a hero, and at the next as the most dastardly coward, kneeling in agonies at the feet of Lady Athol, entreating her to conceal and protect him. The alternate heroism and fits of weeping of this hero, seemed to please the audience (who were nearly all French) extremely; and that speech, when in relating his defeat, he says, that if he had had but twenty Frenchmen he would have conquered all his foes, called forth loud plaudits. Some of the performers were unfortunately very imperfect in their

parts, and in vain did the prompter roar out their speeches with almost stentorian lungs: they came to a perfect stand-still, and left us to behold six or seven people on the stage, all looking at each other with dismay and conscious shame, without the power of saying a word; the audience hissing and groaning until the curtain fell. It is but justice to say, that in the two other performances, which were humorous, they acquitted themselves extremely well.

Though a place of public amusement open on a Sabbath, but ill accords with our ideas of how such a day should be passed, still it is impossible not to be pleased with the cheerful countenances of the lower part of the audience; and particularly the female part, which is composed chiefly of servants, who have but this one evening in the week for

their recreations. To this evening's amusements they look forward during all the dreary hours of domestic drudgery of the week; and having attended mass in the morning, they think themselves fully justified in devoting the evening to pleasure. They go to the theatre to be pleased; and pleased they are, whatever may be the performance. Though I am far from approving of this mode of keeping the Sabbath, I am persuaded that it is often still more profaned; and with good Sir Roger de Coverly, I am ready to exclaim that a good deal might be said on both sides.

Monday morning; at a little after eight o'clock, we bade adieu to Calais, and embarked on board the steam-packet Rob Roy. The day was very wet, but tolerably calm for the first hour; but after that the breeze in-

creased until it grew into a gale, and the sea became very rough and boisterous. The number of passengers who took possession of the cabin, determined me on remaining on deck, although the rain poured in torrents. The wind was so high, that it was nearly impossible to hold up an umbrella: the deck was a spout of water, and the waves absolutely tremendous, sometimes dashing against the sides of the vessel with a force that made her reel again, and covered the shivering passengers on deck with foam. The scene suggested the following lines, which are, I believe, the first ever attempted during a heavy gale, and by a very timid sailor: —

Is there, O Lord, in this dread hour,
One stubborn heart that doubts thy power;
When nought but clouds and waves appear,
And howling tempests fright the ear?

Death seems on yon huge wave to ride,
And threat'ning mounts the vessel's side;
While yawns beneath the green abyss,
And round the foaming surges hiss.

But thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Thy mandate can bid dangers fly;
This soothing hope my spirit cheers,
And quick dispels my rising fears.

Never were four hours and a half more tediously passed than those by us on board the Rob Roy; and it was with feelings of joy, that can be better imagined than described, that we hailed the white cliffs of dear England, and reached these cliffs so dear to every British heart, that feels as it ought. I ought to make honourable mention of the Captain of the Rob Roy, a well-known character of the name of Tom Burnet; who is as rough and as natural as the element

he navigates, and possesses a degree of courage and coolness that no danger can subdue. When one of those violent gusts of wind, attended by a heavy sea, caused the vessel to reel in such a manner that alarmed all the passengers, the looks of perfect *nonchalance* with which Tom Bunnet regarded it, formed a striking contrast to the blanched cheeks, and countenances of terror, of the passengers, who glanced round on each other, as if to catch some little fortitude from their fellowship in danger. I won my friend Tom's heart by sitting quietly near him on deck, without being ill, or expressing any alarm. The less fortunate passengers he seemed to view with a pity too nearly allied to contempt to be gratifying to them. He paid me many compliments in his nautical phrase, and con-

cluded by telling me, "I was the only lady he ever seed that was fit for to go to sea in a gale of wind; for that all other ladies in the ship were like nothing but live lumber."

The York Hotel, which we had found very deficient in comfort on our route to France, according to our London ideas of comfort, appeared now perfectly delightful; for though the apartments are very inferior to the suite we occupied at Dessein's, at Calais, still the order and neatness with which our good English dinner was served, reconciled us to the want of lofty ceilings and gilded cornices, with all the other *et ceteras* of French grandeur. After losing two hours in having our trunks, imperials, &c. examined, we at length passed the fiery ordeal of the custom-house, and set out for Canterbury, where we arrived

at seven o'clock. We could do nothing but exclaim at the beauty of the country between Dover and Canterbury; and the neat cottages, with their latticed windows, through which a cheerful fire was blazing, gave a picture of comfort which England alone can present. It is necessary to have travelled in France to enjoy the comforts of an English inn; and the hotel (Wildishe's) at Canterbury, with its clean carpeted stairs, and well-furnished rooms, appeared to great advantage after those we had left on the other side of the water.

We reached home on Tuesday evening the 24th of October; and the pleased countenances of the domestics, who greeted us with looks of cordial welcome, and the air of elegance and comfort which pervades an English

house, brought all the comforts of home,—dear home! fully before us:—comforts that we prize more dearly, as contrasted with the scenes which we have recently left.

THE END.

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